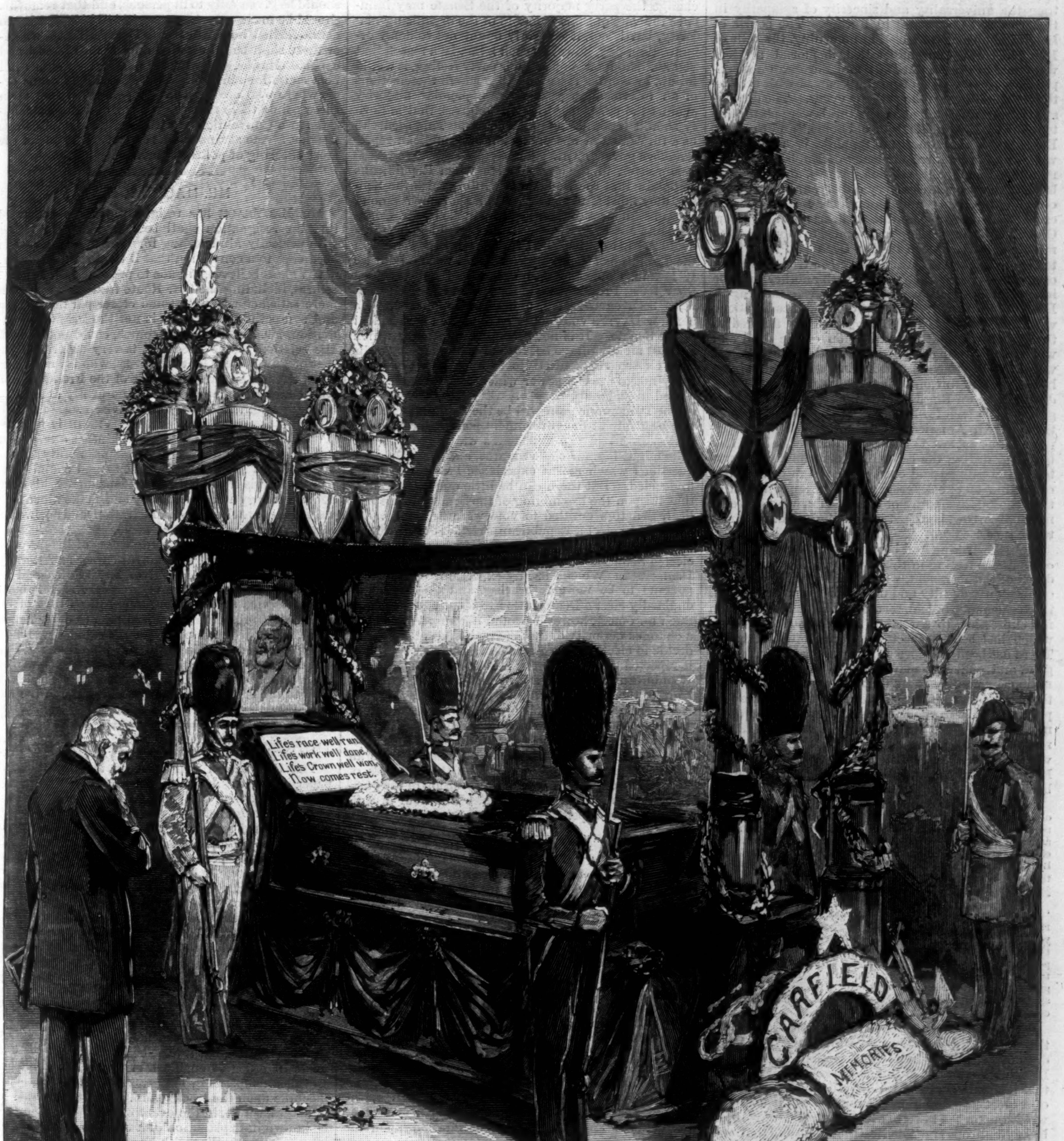
HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXV.—No. 1294. FOR THE WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 8, 1881. TEN CENTS A COPY. $4.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
Copyright, 1881, by HARPER & BROTHERS.



THE FUNERAL OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD—THE CATAFALQUE AT CLEVELAND.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY LIEBICH AND SKETCHES BY THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 686.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1881.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

In response to numerous inquiries, HARPER & BROTHERS *beg leave to announce that the following numbers of* HARPER'S WEEKLY, *thirteen in all, giving a detailed account of the tragedy at Washington, from the assault at the railroad station to the burial at Cleveland, will be sent by mail, post paid, on the receipt of One Dollar: Special Edition, July 8, and Nos.* 1282, 1283, 1284, 1285, 1286, 1288, 1289, 1290, 1291, 1292, 1293, 1294. *The illustrations include portraits of the President, his wife and mother, and of the assassin.*

ADDRESS HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PATRIOT AND PACIFICATOR.

NOTHING was more striking in the outburst of sorrow over the death of President GARFIELD than the universality and sincerity of sympathy in the Southern States and in Europe. The courts of kings and queens were clad in mourning, the bells of English rural churches tolled, memorial services were held in great cathedrals, and European newspapers, with every sign of grief, discussed with sympathy and intelligence the pathetic event. The demonstrations in England, as was natural, were peculiarly touching. England is "our old home," and to many Englishmen the American republic is a prophetic vision of the political tendency of England. Common blood, language, religion, history, and literature bind the two countries very closely, and despite all occasional jealousy and bumptiousness, they watch each other narrowly, and their hearts beat together. On this occasion all England seemed to mourn. The messages of the Queen to Mrs. GARFIELD were most tender and sincere. They spoke the true sympathy of one bereaved woman's heart with another, and the irrepressible enthusiasm of the American meeting in London, which burst into prolonged acclamations when Mr. LOWELL and Bishop SIMPSON alluded to the Queen, was but an expression of the deep and wide-spread feeling of good-will in this country. It was doubtless remembered in England, although we have seen no allusion to it there, that the late President died in an Englishman's house, which had been generously given for his use. That, at least, is something which Americans will not forget. The suggestion in the New York *Times*, that the English flag be raised during the centennial ceremonies at Yorktown, and saluted and cheered as a sign of the utter extinction of old differences, and of appreciation of the generous sympathy of England during our recent national sorrow, is so just and becoming that we trust to see it carried out.

Not less striking and beautiful was the outpouring of Southern feeling in this country. The illness and death of the President, with the impressive spectacle of his manly dignity and modest heroism through all the tremendous ordeal, seemed to furnish an occasion for expression to a feeling in the Southern States which has been suspected, but not often revealed. There has been no more unreserved, patriotic, intelligent, and generous manifestation of sorrow in the national calamity than that which has come from those States, and it is plain that it will have the happiest results in the development and promotion of the moral union upon which the political union finally rests. One of the expressions of the Southern press we print elsewhere. Let that be read with the following resolutions, passed at a mass-meeting of members of all parties, in Charleston, South Carolina.

"*Resolved*, That, as American citizens, we deplore, in the death of President GARFIELD, the loss to the country of one who loved republican institutions with his whole heart and soul and strength, and whose policy as Chief Magistrate, therefore, like that of his eminent predecessor, followed the safe and broad paths marked out by the fathers of the republic, in founding personal freedom upon the bed-rock of public liberty. Those whom national affliction has joined together, let no political differences put asunder.

"*Resolved*, That, as South Carolinians, living in the so-called 'Cradle of the Rebellion,' we honor the memory of JAMES A. GARFIELD, because as President his purposes and his policy passed beyond the lines of party and of section, and knew no other limit than the boundaries of the republic and the welfare of the whole people. Uncompromising always in his devotion to the Union and to the Republican party, he remembered as President only the grandeur of an indissoluble Union of indestructible States, resting as it now does, and through his tragical death, on the affection and confidence of the people."

This is a feeling which is heartily reciprocated in this part of the country, and which it is the obvious duty of patriotic citizens in all sections to encourage. It is to be regretted, although the reasons are obvious, that it should find expression only under the pressure of a great and common calamity. Yet it is another wreath upon the brow of the dead President. He has brought Europe and America, the North and the South, closer together in fraternal amity. Patriot and Pacificator are the words that should be engraved upon his monument, as they are written upon the American and European heart.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE SENATE.

As was generally expected, the President has summoned the Senate to meet on the 10th of October. Its first business is organization, which will supply a legal depositary of the Executive power in the event of the President's death or disability. It is curious that there should have been any discussion of the order to be observed at the meeting of the Senate, because the twenty-eighth section of the Revised Statutes provides that "the oath of office shall be administered by the President of the Senate to each Senator who shall hereafter be elected, previous to his taking his seat." No Senator newly elected can take his seat until he is duly sworn, and he can be duly sworn only by the President of the Senate. If there be no President of the Senate, no newly elected Senator can be sworn. It would seem, therefore, to be demonstrated, as clearly as anything can be demonstrated, that the Senators who have been duly sworn are alone authorized to organize the Senate, and should at once perform that duty. Nothing else can be done until that is done.

The argument against this course drawn from the fact that newly elected Senators when sworn may change the party majority of the Senate may influence the vote of some Senators of the organizing majority, but if not, it certainly ought not to delay organization. If, however, such a fact be a reason that Senators should disregard their party feeling, it would follow by similar reasoning that where the elections of an intermediate year show a popular majority against the party majority in Congress, that majority should renounce its party action. This seems to us a fundamental misconception of republican representative government.

Moreover, in the present case, when Republicans complain that the Democrats will organize the Senate, they must remember that such a mishap is among the consequences of the surrender made by Mr. CONKLING and Mr. PLATT when they resigned because they could neither control the President nor the Senate in the discharge of their respective constitutional duties. If Messrs. CONKLING and PLATT had not betrayed their trust, President GARFIELD would probably not have been assassinated, and the Republicans, with Senator DAVIS's vote, could have elected a President of the Senate. It is not becoming in a party which has lost an advantage because of the recreancy of its own chosen representatives to appeal to the other party not to use the power which that recreancy has placed in its hands.

The Democratic gain will be the temporary Executive headship of the government pending an election in the event of the President's death or inability. This might last for some months, and it would raise questions which recent experience has shown to be undecided. But there can be little doubt, we think, that if upon the assembling of the Senate the Republican Senators entitled to vote were in a majority, they would elect a Republican President even if they knew that his first duty would be to swear in newly elected Senators who would give the majority to the Democrats. We can hardly expect our political opponents to be more forbearing, and they will undoubtedly elect a Democratic President of the Senate. Such an officer, however, would not be permanent if a changed majority of the Senate should subsequently decide to elect another President. But, as we write, it is reported that in an informal conversation between Republican and Democratic Senators upon the funeral train of the late President, it was agreed that a senior Republican Senator—probably Mr. ANTHONY, of Rhode Island—should be elected President of the Senate *pro tem.*, and that the Democrats should name the Secretary, and retain their Sergeant-at-Arms. This is an arrangement which, if accepted by the caucuses of both parties, will be a friendly disposition of the question, and one which well becomes this hour of softened partisan asperities.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.

IN his brief and admirable speech at the last Harvard Commencement, Governor LONG said with just pride that in the bright lexicon of Massachusetts politics there was no such word as boss. General BUTLER tried to be the Republican boss, but failing, he abandoned the party. One good result of this situation is that the Republicans of Massachusetts are always in the van. They deliver the soundest Republican doctrine, and help to save the party from the dry-rot that assails every party which has been long in power. It was the Massachusetts delegation at the Chicago Convention that offered the resolution upon reform in the civil service which appears, shorn of much of its force, in the national platform. But the resolution upon that subject in the late Republican Convention of the Bay State is a remarkable sign of the times. No political party Convention has ever made so detailed and intelligent a declaration upon the subject.

The Republicans of Massachusetts demand that clerkships in the public service shall be opened to the free competition of all citizens, irrespective of party, and that removals shall be made only for legitimate cause. The president of the Convention had already made the same declaration in his opening speech, and the Governor, whom the Convention renominated by acclamation, holds the same views. Massachusetts Republicanism therefore means reform of the civil service by definite and stated methods. The evils of the spoils system are undoubtedly much less familiar in that State than in some other States, and the Boston Custom-house and Post-office are managed, we are informed, upon sound principles. But the good method, as the resolution states, should have the permanence of law. The impulse of President HAYES did a great deal, but a reform so necessary should not depend upon the personal pleasure of any officer.

Is there any good reason why Republicans everywhere should not adopt the Massachusetts declaration? The question can not be snowed out nor sneered down. It must be met or avoided by every Convention. If it be avoided, the avoidance is a loud declaration of indifference and opposition. If it be met, it must be met fairly. Generalization and equivocation will not suffice. The party must decide whether it is a spoils party or an anti-spoils party. The significance of the word spoils is perfectly understood; and if there be a disposition to admit that places should be given only to fit persons, and that removals should be made only for cause, it will be necessary to define further how fitness is to be ascertained, whether there shall be an equal chance for all honest and capable citizens, and whether political opinion shall be a cause for removal. There are Republicans everywhere who are most firmly persuaded that upon these points there must be reform, and in Massachusetts, in a Convention of a thousand delegates, there was not a vote against such reform. It is one of the most cheering of political portents.

MR. MACVEAGH.

MR. MACVEAGH has resigned, and has requested that his resignation shall be accepted. He retires with perfectly kind feeling for the President, and in obedience to a conviction that if the President, as Mr. MACVEAGH believes, intends to prosecute the work of reform, including the Star Route frauds, he can do it more satisfactorily with some closer political friend and sympathizer. If such is not the President's intention, Mr. MACVEAGH, of course, could not remain. His relation to the President is very different from that of Postmaster-General JAMES, who is an old personal friend and party comrade of the President, and who could become much more naturally and easily one of his political family and advisers.

While the decision of Mr. MACVEAGH is not surprising, his retirement from the cabinet is a very great public loss. Not only his professional ability and experience, but his practical sagacity and sound judgment, with his frank political independence, his courage and energy and conciliatory tact, make him a most valuable counsellor in administration, and a powerful ally of reform.

His brief and, from the intentness of his devotion to the late President, his painful career as Attorney-General, has made him universally known and respected, and there will be very sincere regret that a public service so auspiciously begun as that of the Star Route prosecutions should pass to other hands. No member of the late President's cabinet was more fully equipped for his duty, and his close relations and deep sympathy with President GARFIELD will always associate Mr. MACVEAGH's name most intimately with the brilliant and patriotic promise of the late administration.

THE NEW YORK REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

THE Convention will meet on the day that this paper is issued. Its chief general interest will lie in showing whether the party will reverse the verdict pronounced against Mr. CONKLING by the Legislature which refused to re-elect him. There can hardly be said to be a principle at issue, because CONKLING politics are merely personal politics, and his supporters sustain him because he is CONKLING, and not because they care about the significance of his conduct. Logically, however, to sustain him is to declare that if the President and the Senate will not surrender their constitutional powers to a Senator, the Senator may properly resign, and ask his party friends to commission him to renew his quarrel with a President and Senate of his own party. A sillier proposition was never submitted to a party council, yet that is really, so far as anything beyond Mr. CONKLING's personality is concerned, the sole question.

Mr. CONKLING has been defeated as a delegate to the Convention, but a false contest of seats has been made in order to enable him to try for admission. In this attempt, as in his general plan to put the old machine upon the track again, he has three great advantages, which, in the event of his success, ought to be known in explanation of it to those in other States who are not familiar with New York politics. First, he has the organization of the party, that is, a majority of the State Committee. Mr. PLATT is chairman of the committee, and Mr. CONKLING's name will be entered upon the roll as a delegate, compelling the rightfully elected delegates to contest his seat. This contest will be decided by a committee to be appointed by the temporary chairman whom Mr. PLATT will nominate. The question who shall take part in the election of this chairman may easily lead to great confusion. The second advantage is the change of

national administration, which will be accepted by many delegates probably as a virtual restoration of the CONKLING supremacy more absolute than ever. The third advantage is the rotten borough system of delegate election in the city of New York, where not more than 7000 or 8000 of the 80,000 Republican voters are allowed to vote for delegates, and then only under the surveillance of the Ring. It is upon these farcical rotten borough elections that Mr. CONKLING depends for his success. Were the city elections as fair and honest as they are in the country, Mr. CONKLING'S downfall in the Convention would be as significant as it was in the Legislature.

Observers out of the State will see, therefore, that Mr. CONKLING'S apparent success in the Convention would not signify approval and support by the Republicans of New York. It would show only that by such means as we have mentioned, by rotten borough voting and by tricks of management, he had been able to secure the appearance of party support. The real Republican verdict of New York has been rendered by the Legislature. There is no more doubt that Dr. BELLOWS, in calling him "the factionist *par éminence* of the Republican party," spoke for the true Republican opinion of New York, than that he expressed the true Republican opinion of the country.

IRISH INDEPENDENCE.

THE recent national Convention of the Irish Land League is thought by many critics to have been an event of the highest significance. The conservative press in England regards its declarations as essentially revolutionary, while the radical press, of which the *Pall Mall Gazette* is the ablest representative, thinks that when the irreconcilable element which is now in the mastery is suppressed, the League will become a steadying and conservative influence upon the union. By this it means, we presume, that the League will serve as a constant and powerful indicator of the true state of Irish opinion and feeling. But this is to admit that the Parliamentary representation of Ireland is not such an indication, which is the strongest argument for reform. If the Convention was an expression of real Irish opinion, that opinion rejects the Land Bill and the Irish policy of the GLADSTONE administration as base and malignant, and declares that Ireland will never be contented until it is independent, and until "landlordism" is abolished. Mr. PARNELL insisted that they "should press forward to the abolition of landlordism, and legislative independence."

In reply to the last point the London *Times* says, what is undoubtedly the universal sentiment of England, that "Great Britain will no more tolerate secession than the United States tolerated it in 1860." But the *Times* has not forgotten, we suppose, that in 1860 it laughed at the United States for attempting to prevent it. We shall not retort its sneer, because we know in this country, very much better than the *Times*, the nature and the force of the union sentiment. The sentiment of union that binds the American States, however, can not vitalize the bond between England and Ireland, but the peaceful existence of England is so identified with the maintenance of political union with Ireland that the question of Irish independence is a question as vital to England as to Ireland. It is significant that at this moment of wise and humane English legislation for Ireland, when Mr. PARNELL, the leader of the present movement, declares for independence, Sir CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY, the brilliant leader of the Young Ireland agitation for independence thirty-five years ago, says that the Tenant League of 1850 would have received the Land Bill with "joy and gratitude." While Mr. PARNELL "hurls foul scorn" upon the bill, Sir CHARLES DUFFY says: "If I were a bishop, I would write a pastoral; if I were a priest, I would deliver a discourse; if I were a journalist, I would make myself heard from that rostrum; if I could do no better, I would beat a drum on the highway, in order to fix the attention of the Irish people on the splendid opportunity they possess of becoming prosperous and powerful."

Sir CHARLES considers the bill to be "the first great agency for restoring Ireland to the Irish." But he means by this not necessarily separation from England. Indeed, the wiser sentiment of Ireland—the sentiment which the *Pall Mall Gazette* believes will at last control the League—is reconcilable, not irreconcilable. Accepting union as inevitable, it will aim at a truly national union—a union which, leaving the internal control of Ireland, as of Scotland, to itself, will bind it to England for common defense and common glory. The national character and welfare of Scotland have not been lost by the union. There is no people in the world of a more positive or more distinctive nationality than the Scotch; and there is no reason that, with wise action upon the part of England, Ireland may not be as happily united as Scotland in the British Empire. Sir CHARLES DUFFY, who seems to us by far the ablest of the Irish leaders, although since the failure of the Young Ireland enterprise he has lived in Australia, says of the GLADSTONE Land Bill, with the instinct of a statesman, that when he notes the spirit in which this measure is framed, and the progress made in agrarian reform during the last dozen years, he is sure that the present tenure will presently be replaced by one under which the tenant, while paying a fair rent, "will be as immovable as the rock of Cashel." It is to such Irishmen as Sir CHARLES DUFFY, and to such Englishmen as Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. BRIGHT, that we must look for the happy solution of the long and angry contest. Agitation there will be, and there ought to be, but the object of agitation will be more and more Irish independence within the union.

PENNSYLVANIA POLITICS.

THE Pennsylvania Republicans, under the control of Senator CAMERON, have nominated a candidate for the State Treasurership who distinctively represents the "ring" in that State. The personal character of the candidate, however, is unimpeached, and there is no fear that the public interests will suffer in his hands. Under these circumstances, Mr. CHARLES S. WOLFE has announced himself as an independent candidate for the Treasurership. But some of the other independent Republican leaders, and the press in sympathy with them, protest that Mr. WOLFE'S action tends to throw the party wholly into the hands of the bosses, while a little longer vigorous contest, with the advances made during the last two years, will dethrone them. They beg Mr. WOLFE to withdraw, and not to help the Democrats to carry the election, because they are confident that the ring can be overthrown by action "within the party."

Mr. WOLFE'S position is plain. He is of opinion that "boss rule" is fatal to the party by substituting mere personal and corrupt politics for contests of principle and policy, but that so long as it insures party success it can not be overthrown. Consequently he holds that the defeat of the party is the only way to destroy "bossism." This is undoubtedly, from the strict party point of view, revolution. But if a man is convinced that "boss rule" is a greater evil than Democratic success, he will act and vote accordingly, and the responsibility must lie with those who, knowing his convictions, thrust upon him the alternative of "bossism" or Democracy. It is obvious that if there are a few thousand Republicans in Pennsylvania who agree with Mr. WOLFE, it will be useless to denounce and vilify him. It is only the voice of an honest majority which is entitled to respect, and it is the objection to "bossism" that its majority is usually not an honest but a bribed majority, which misrepresents instead of representing the actual feeling and opinion of the party.

There are many Republicans who heartily condemn such action as that of Mr. WOLFE as fatal to the organization, without which party is impossible. But without reference to Mr. WOLFE, do such Republicans hold that the action of the regular organization, however corruptly or improperly influenced, ought to bind every member of the party? or do they suppose that a party made up like the Republican will ever acquiesce in such a doctrine? We shall all agree that government is indispensable to well-ordered human society. But does it follow that the government of Dahomey or of NERO is therefore to be sustained? Organization is essential to party, but does it follow that an organization which stifles difference of opinion, and obtains votes by terror and bribery, is the kind of organization which is essential to party? Independent Republicans know the necessity of organization quite as well as "boss" Republicans, but they will not support a venal despotism on the ground that government is indispensable. It is "bossism," not opposition to it, which endangers the Republican party, and while the question of fighting it within the party is one to be carefully considered, it must not be forgotten that to play politics with a boss is to throw with a gambler whose dice are loaded. It may be amusing to try conclusions even against such odds. But every sensible player knows that it is only honest playing which really binds.

A TRUE WORD.

IN his brief inaugural address, President ARTHUR said: "The Constitution defines the functions and powers of the Executive as clearly as those of either of the other two departments of the Congress, and he must answer for the just exercise of the discretion it permits, and the performance of the duties it imposes."

This is a fundamental truth well stated. But it was because President GARFIELD exercised that discretion upon his responsibility, and because the Senate sustained him, that Mr. CONKLING quarrelled with him. We trust that under the pressure of evil influences President ARTHUR'S administration will illustrate the Executive independence which he so clearly describes.

APPLES OF GOLD.

THE following article from the *Chronicle and Constitutionalist*, published at Atlanta, Georgia, is exceedingly significant and interesting. While such feeling exists, "the gospel of hate" can hardly be preached or practiced with much effect:

"With anguish we announce that the worst fears have been confirmed, and JAMES A. GARFIELD, President of the United States, is dead. By the hand of a fanatic of most disreputable surroundings, whom it would be a stretch of charity to call a madman, this great and good President, this fond husband, this loving father, this noble gentleman, has been slain. Strange that the bullets of brave foemen should have, in fair fight, spared him for such a fate! Sad indeed is it that such a glorious being, so useful, so powerful, so manly, so excellent, should become the victim of so vile a reptile! We bow to the dispensations of God, and question them not. To Him we leave the vindication and the ends of justice. The heart of the South bleeds for the stricken mother and wife and children of the President. Upon his dead body we lay an immortelle wreath of truest sorrow and regret. Innocent of the murder of LINCOLN, the South suffered long years of agony and persecution for another's crime. Innocent of the assassination of GARFIELD, the South, fearless of the future and forgetful of the past, stands tearfully beside the relics of the President, and prays that the storm-tossed spirit shall have the rest of the righteous, and a sanctuary in that eternal haven where, 'lulled to slumber, grief forgets to mourn.'"

PERSONAL.

IN this country it is not customary for cabinet officers to go about with diamonds concealed on their persons worth a million. At least it may be assumed that Mr. BLAINE and Mr. EVARTS did not promenade in public with concealed assets valued at that figure. Not so, however, with that eminent statesman MUSTAPHA-BEN-ISMAIL, chief adviser of the Bey of Tunis, and envoy of that potentate to France. When in Paris lately a jeweller called on the excellent MUSTAPHA to show a magnificent brilliant he had for sale. The Tunisian looked at the stone, and remarked that he had far better diamonds in his possession. He turned up his sleeve, and showed five enormous arm-rings riveted above his elbow, and set with splendid jewels worth nearly a million and a half of dollars. The jeweller naturally inquired why a person so fond of diamonds should wear them where they could not be seen. "Oh, you do not understand," said MUSTAPHA. "We Oriental princes can be despoiled of everything in one day, and the most elementary idea of prudence compels us always to secrete some portion of our valuables about our persons."

—EDMUND YATES, in an elaborate article in that brightest of English papers, *The World*, on hotels "on the American plan," speaks of the phenomenal dullness of certain servitors in English hotels, contrasted with those who are conspicuous figures in our large establishments. He says: "What could surpass the well-informed urbanity of the hotel clerk, that wonderful embodiment of American civilization, who knows everything? What a contrast is he to the charming young lady book-keeper in tousled fringe, or the lady housekeeper in uncompromising silk, of the English hotel, who knows nothing except how to make out a bill of astounding length! The hotel clerk of the United States knows the exact state of the stock market, has seen all the theatrical entertainments, knows, without reference to time-tables, the moment at which train and boat start for everywhere. He will act as banker and paymaster; and when the moment of settling arrives, there is a grace in the manner in which he says, 'I guess, general, it's just a hundred and fifty-five dollars,' and with a more or less gently deprecatory air offers to give a detailed account. Now in ninety-nine English hotels out of a hundred not a soul, except the boots, knows anything. All this is made easy by the American hotel clerk, who ought to be acclimated. He is a higher product of culture than the bar-keeper, who, attired like a Corsican brother in the duelling scene, with the addition of a diamond brooch, mixes 'smashes' and 'egg-noggs' with an air of confidently expected victory."

—A Boston journal speaks of the law library of the late Justice CLIFFORD as one of the finest in the country, and insured for $20,000. This is hardly the case. Unquestionably the largest and most valuable private law library in the United States, if not in the world, is that of Mr. ELBRIDGE T. GERRY, of this city. Its volumes are numbered by thousands, and it embraces the rarest treasures of legal literature. Its money value is four or five times greater than that of Judge CLIFFORD'S, and it embraces many works not to be found in any other collection in this country, and not now purchasable even at fabulous prices.

—The promptness with which Postmaster-General JAMES looks after the minor details of his office was illustrated a few days ago in a little matter in New Jersey. Several gentlemen having sea-side homes at Atlanticville sent a petition to the Post-office Department asking that the name of their post-office should be changed to North Long Branch. The petition was forwarded September 21. Two days later an answer was received stating that the change had been made.

—Bishop DUDLEY, of Kentucky, delivered, on the 26th ult., in the American Chapel at Paris, a sermon on the death of President GARFIELD, which the telegraphic dispatches speak of as a very eloquent effort.

—The late General BURNSIDE was happy in having a devoted and beautiful wife, who during the war sent him a daily letter. After her death, she never seemed absent from his thoughts, and he felt a son's affection for her aged mother

—Mr. JOHN WALTER, proprietor of the London *Times*, who is now on his way to San Francisco, telegraphed to his paper from Chicago the following: "The mournful aspect of this city, in which all the public buildings, hotels, and principal stores and private residences are draped in black, bears witness to the deep and universal sense of a national bereavement which pervades all classes. President GARFIELD was not merely respected as the Chief Magistrate of the Great Republic; he was regarded as the impersonation of all the best and noblest qualities which can adorn a private citizen, and his loss is felt to be irreparable."

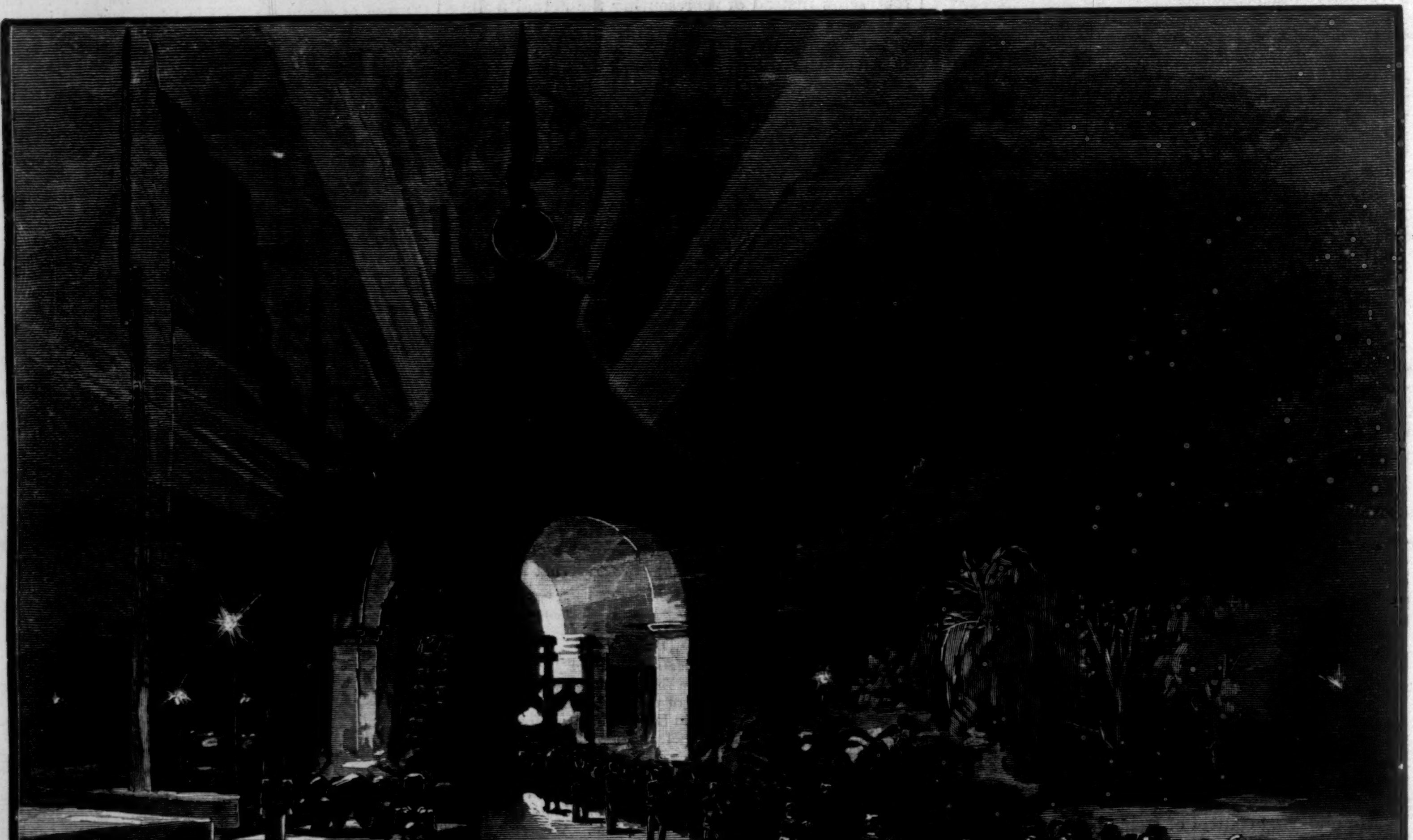
—Of the many addresses delivered on the 26th ult. in memory of President GARFIELD, none surpasses in eloquence and appropriateness the admirable effort of Mr. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW before the Grand Army of the Republic, at Chickering Hall in this city. Proverbially felicitous as Mr. DEPEW is on such occasions, this last oration is in some respects his best.

—Mr. E. A. FREEMAN, who is due in New York this week, comes hither for the purpose of delivering historical lectures, and will commence in Boston on the 17th of October with six lectures before the Lowell Institute. Mr. FREEMAN is a historical writer of acknowledged ability and position. His *Turks in Europe*, and *The Origin of the English Nation*, published by HARPER & BROTHERS, are works of marked value.

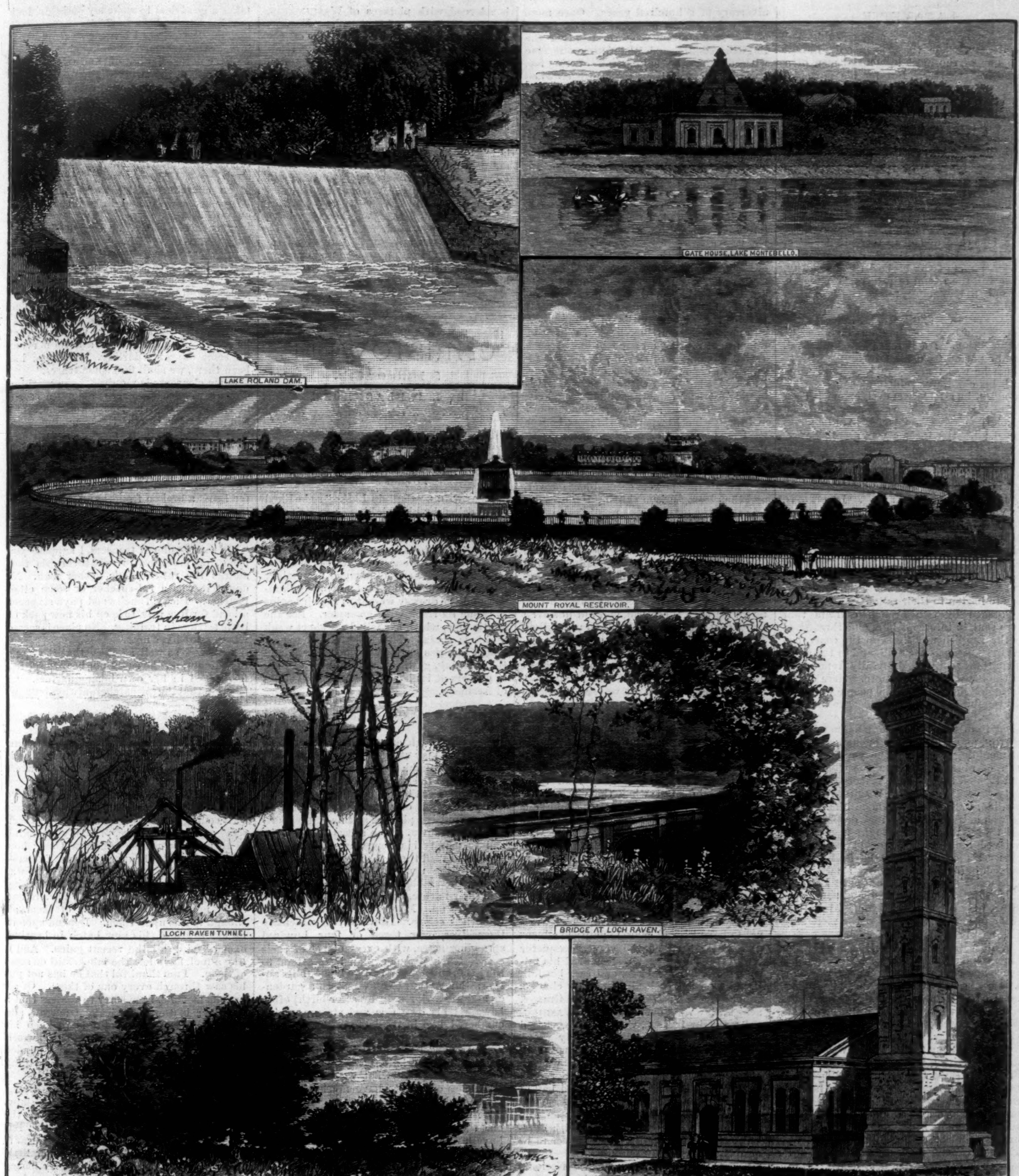
—The engagement of Mr. GILBERT JONES, business manager of the New York *Times*, and Miss LOUISE CALDWELL, daughter of Mr. STEPHEN D. CALDWELL, of Buffalo, New York, is among the pleasant society events of this season. It is understood that the wedding will take place in February next. Mr. JONES, who displays great tact and enterprise in the management of business affairs, is well known in New York society circles as a very agreeable and genial young gentleman.

—Mr. HENRY F. VAIL, president of the Bank of Commerce in this city, who died a few days since, was very highly and deservedly esteemed, not only in financial circles, but by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. He was a very genial gentleman, and looked forward to the near future when he intended to retire from active work, and enjoy the handsome fortune he had acquired, which, by-the-way, he had largely added to during the last five years. Among the peculiar qualities of Mr. VAIL was his readiness at figures. He was able to add up simultaneously two columns of a long account, without making the least error, and in other business ways was equally expert.

CHÂTEAU OF SENATOR EDMUND DE LAFAYETTE.—From a Recent Sketch.—[See Page 678.]



THE FUNERAL OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD—NIGHT VIEW OF THE CATAFALQUE.—From Photographs by Liebich and Sketches by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 686.]



THE NEW BALTIMORE WATER SUPPLY.—[See Page 679.]

LAFAYETTE.

A SINGULAR precocity, a remarkable zeal for liberty, made the Marquis de Lafayette one of the most influential men of a period of progress. But for his powerful aid in the dawn of youth, the American Revolution might have ended in disastrous defeat, and without his later self-sacrifices and the force of his example, the French Revolution might have been checked at its beginning. The two revolutions were inseparably connected, and in both LAFAYETTE played his most important part with rare energy and zeal. His precocity was wonderful. He was born in 1757. At fourteen he wrote well; at sixteen he married; at nineteen, stirred by a strong love for freedom, he heard of the struggle in America, and resolved to go to the aid of the oppressed. A noble of the highest rank, wealthy, powerful, the friend of princes, he gave his fortune, life, example, to the cause of freedom.

LAFAYETTE'S flight from France to the New World is one of the finest instances of self-devotion. His parents were both dead. But he parted from his fair young wife, to whom he was tenderly attached, and who, with his child, was seldom absent from his thoughts in all his wanderings, with deep regret. He loved and was fondly cherished by a large circle of relations. Yet he abandoned all. His income was great; he expended it in fitting out a ship to carry him to America. He was a noble of the highest rank, yet, weary of his decaying caste, he fled at nineteen to seek repose in freedom. The King ordered his arrest. LAFAYETTE by various artifices escaped his pursuers. He fled in disguise over France, slept on straw, was once recognized by a young girl, who refused to betray him, reached his vessel, and set sail. He had heard of the defeat of the Americans, the loss of New York and New Jersey, and was only the more anxious to hasten to their relief.

Pursued by two French cruisers that were sent to intercept him, and threatened by the English war ships on the coast, LAFAYETTE escaped them all, and in the ardor of youthful zeal landed joyfully from a boat on the South Carolina shore. Here everything delighted him. The people were simple, republican, happy, he wrote to his wife, and the follies of the Old World were banished from the New. Next he met WASHINGTON, and was forever enchained by his commanding virtues. The young Frenchman of nineteen became the unswerving and trusted friend of the mature general of forty-five. Whenever WASHINGTON was assailed, LAFAYETTE defended him. When he was half desponding and desperate, the aid that LAFAYETTE brought from France relieved him. Nothing could exceed LAFAYETTE'S surprise when he first saw the ragged, half-clad, imperfectly armed forces of America arrayed before him at Philadelphia. But he was hopeful, and saw in the future only success. His youthful zeal and ardor often stirred perhaps the more sluggish nature of his heroic friend.

Amidst the pains and perils of war, LAFAYETTE soon ripened into a man of rare prudence and energy. At twenty he was made a major-general. His sufferings in the cause of freedom were severe, his labors terrible. He was wounded at Brandywine, and lay for six weeks at Bethlehem among the kind Moravians. They strove to win him from his warlike tastes, but he was busy all the time writing letters to the statesmen of France, pressing them to attack England in India and the West Indies. Before he could wear a shoe he rejoined the army. He rode in winter four hundred miles to Albany; he was in command at Rhode Island; he fought bravely, and bore all the hardships of war. Then a violent fever seized him, and for many weeks he seemed near death. He recovered, and set sail from Boston in 1780 to return to his native land. He was received with unbounded applause—a young hero renowned in both worlds. The young nobles of France who shared his liberal opinions followed him as a guide. The king pardoned him. He was sent back to America, with the promise of ships, men, clothes, and money, and once more rejoined his beloved WASHINGTON. The tender friendship of these eminent characters seemed to grow with years. LAFAYETTE was the man whom, of all others, WASHINGTON most trusted. He commanded in Virginia, with great skill and courage, against the veteran CORNWALLIS. When the English commander occupied Yorktown, LAFAYETTE, with WASHINGTON, planned his capture. The campaign was no doubt the joint labor of the two illustrious friends.

Around Yorktown in the autumn of 1781 was witnessed the lasting defeat of European tyranny. The gay French officers and nobles; their fine army; the splendid fleet under DE GRASSE; the ragged but resolute Americans; WASHINGTON, HAMILTON, LAFAYETTE—are brought before us by the anniversary of a hundred years. Once more we see HAMILTON and LAFAYETTE, young heroes and statesmen, storm together the English redoubt, and WASHINGTON receive with dignity the submission of the foe. LAFAYETTE went back to France crowned with the laurels of freedom. He revisited America in 1784. The French began to labor for reform; the Revolution, founded upon American thought and experience, began its career in France. All at first seemed to promise a peaceful progress. LAFAYETTE was the favorite of the people, the commander of the army, the master and leader of France. He aspired to be its WASHINGTON. But behind him were the MARATS, DANTONS, and ROBESPIERRES of the Jacobin Club, before him the invading armies of Europe. He was a republican at the head of the French forces on the frontier when all hope of freedom seemed lost to France. LAFAYETTE fled from his enemies at home to find a shelter, he hoped, in some neutral country; he found five years of imprisonment within the gloomy walls of Olmütz. A strange, heroic, startling life! No hero of romance at so early an age had known such varied adventures. He had founded a republic in either world, and one still flourished. He had lived with the savage tribes in the American wilderness, and been adopted among them as a brother; he had fought at Brandywine, Newport, Yorktown; he was the friend of WASHINGTON, JEFFERSON, HAMILTON, and JAY. Then he had led on reform in France, and founded a period of progress in Europe that was never to cease. But now all his rare powers seemed lost forever, and the gloomy prison shut up the busy intellect of the most ardent republican of his time. The story of his imprisonment and his release is exceedingly interesting. WASHINGTON and all America interceded for him. The European autocrats were obdurate, and many plans were formed to rescue the reformer from the strong castle in vain.

For three years he was cut off from all intercourse with the world, and did not even know that his wife and children were alive. The autocrats saw in him the genius of revolution, and would suppress it. At length his wife joined him to share his imprisonment: she had escaped by a rare chance from the guillotine. Their son was sent to America to the hospitable care of WASHINGTON, from whom he was named, and Madame LAFAYETTE, with her two daughters, languished in the strict confinement of Olmütz. Her letters to the emperors and princes of Germany abound in proofs of her intelligence and taste. They read them with disdain. But when the victories of the French armies began to shake old thrones and dynasties the rigor of the jailers was plainly softened, and when NAPOLEON broke the power of Austria in Italy the prisoners of Olmütz were released. But LAFAYETTE was forced to promise that he, the genius of disorder, the GARIBALDI of his day, would never enter the limits of the Austrian despotism.

Only half his life was over, and he was yet to have his full share in political adventures. He thanked the young conqueror NAPOLEON for his services, admired his talents, discerned his vices, and saw his fall. He was an active leader in every change. He cultivated his large farm at La Grange, near Paris; wept over the loss of WASHINGTON; and in 1824–25, with his son, visited America after an absence of forty years. The country he had helped to found still charmed and delighted him; he was an abolitionist, and more than ever a republican. New York gave him a grand ball at Castle Garden, speeches and addresses, and he travelled to Yorktown, Charleston, and New Orleans. He corresponded with BOLIVAR: the veteran agitator was never to be at rest. Revolution pursued him. In the rising of 1830 he commanded the National Guard of Paris, as in 1792 he had led the first armies of the republic. But the MARATS, DANTONS, and ROBESPIERRES of the first revolution came no more. LAFAYETTE saw a constitutional king rule in France, and died at La Grange in June, 1834, still hopeful and confident of the success of freedom. His mental power and his rare influence in modern politics have never been properly acknowledged, and the character of LAFAYETTE is yet to be written.

He left one son, GEORGE WASHINGTON, and two daughters. EDMUND LAFAYETTE, a Senator of France, who will visit America this fall, is the last of his name, the son of GEORGE WASHINGTON. There are other grandchildren. La Grange, the ancient home of the LAFAYETTES, was once a fortified baronial castle, seated in a wide domain about thirty-six miles east of Paris. Some trace of its feudal character still remains. It is about one hundred feet in length, with two wings; two Gothic towers are its only ornament. But LAFAYETTE became a successful farmer, like his friend WASHINGTON, and the lands near Paris are singularly valuable and productive. The plain château is adorned with pictures of WASHINGTON, FRANKLIN, ADAMS, of Commodore MORRIS, and others, and a fine painting of the siege of Yorktown. It is filled with reminiscences of America. Americans who travel have naturally sought La Grange, and noted names from every part of the world are mingled with its history. CHARLES FOX planted the ivy that creeps over the walls. It is a republican shrine.

It is well that we revive the memory of our benefactors in the past, and the strong and lasting friendship of WASHINGTON and LAFAYETTE is one of the important facts in the world's history. Without each other, they might easily have failed to set America and Europe free. Together they have transformed mankind. At eight years of age, LAFAYETTE tells us, he formed an invincible disgust for oppression and cruelty: his powerful impulse was communicated to his generation and all later ages.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1251, Vol. XXIV.]

CHRISTOWELL.

A Dartmoor Tale.

BY R. D. BLACKMORE,

AUTHOR OF "MARY ANERLEY," "LORNA DOONE," "CRIPPS, THE CARRIER," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

ROVING SHOTS.

MEANWHILE "Captain Larks," as he liked to be called by his neighbors, was going on steadily. Of all the busy year which surrounds the gardener with a Zodiac of clustering tasks there is no busier time than when he expects once more to see the Pleiads. The dry heats of summer are mainly gone then, and the nights of muttering thunder, and the drowsy weight of the air begins to tissue its track with gossamer. For the gentle dew, which has failed the short weak night, is spread abroad again, and a new bloom mantles on the seasoned leaves, and the morning, getting up when men can see it, glitters at its leisure down long avenues of freshness.

A gardener ought to be a short man fairly, so that his fruit may not knock him on the head. That he, with amazement at his own skill—which, after all, has not much to do with it—may stand with his hat on, and look up and thank Providence for its bounty, and hope to save some of it from felonious boys. For there is no other work of all the poor exiles of paradise beset with so many expulsive plagues as this of their original breakdown. Man seems to know it, and to modify his hopes, or, when experience has killed them, to moderate his grumbling to the utmost. Who ever heard a gardener grumble? Farmers do so, because it is their nature, and in better days it kept the prices up. Moreover, they find in their work less solace. How can they identify themselves, over three or four hundred sprawling acres, with every object of their care? Their common plan is to attend to the good, and let the bad go home to its author. Mr. Arthur (who was born a gardener, and a warrior only by after-birth) often bewailed his own size and stature, which cumbered him in the leafy walks of peace, especially at pot-work. "Oh, Short, my good friend," he exclaimed one day, when he had knocked half the bloom off a fine bunch of grapes, "what would I give for six inches off, and to have my head where my shoulders are!"

"And what would I give for six inches on," the vicar answered, pleasantly, "and to have my shoulders where my head is!"

This proves nothing but the discontent of man—a matter which requires no proving. But the Captain, on the whole, was not discontented now, if only he could have his own way. For his pears were growing ruddy from the passage of the wind—which colors fruit infinitely more than any sun—and his apples were clustering against each other's cheeks, and his grapes were swelling, like that bunchy apparatus of a cow which society loves, but never mentions. "I never had such a grand crop in all my life, in spite of all the maggots and the earwigs and the drought," the Captain declared candidly to his pipe in confidence. "But the wasps are coming out, and the rabbits getting troublesome, and a lot of bluetits have come down from the furze. To go away now would be simple murder. And thirty new pears from Leroy come into bearing that must be watched every day at least, and the big ones fastened to their spurs with bast. All of Van Mons's or Esperen's raising, or that other old officer— What a queer thing it is that since the peace set in so many French and Belgian officers of cavalry have been great pear-growers! The one pursuit seems to lead up to the other. But here comes Rose! What now, my pet? How pale you look! And it takes a good deal to make my little girl look pale."

"No. Sometimes I become so stupid that it makes me ashamed when I begin to think." As Rose pulled her hat off, and tried to look back through the twinkling maze of leaves, her father set off at a very rapid pace for a person of his age and substance. He scattered a score of pears right and left, even from his best-nursed pyramids, and he rushed to the river-course (arcaded now with filberts, which danced above the stream, for the trout to jump at), but neither there nor anywhere could he descry a robber. He had given chase according to his daughter's frightened glance, and in sequence of his own uneasiness.

"There is nobody," he said, as he came back, short of breath. "What made you think there was anybody?"

"Because I saw him," answered Rose, with vivid reason. "I saw him as clearly as I see you now. A tall dark man with a rough coat on, standing in the bushes, and staring at me."

"Show me the spot where you fancy that he stood. You have been a little nervous for some days, my darling. If a man has been there, we shall find some traces."

Some clearness is required, as in marking down a woodcock, to show among a crowd of trees precisely the position of the something that has caught the eye. But Rose, who worked lovingly among her father's trees, and knew them all as thoroughly as her own stitch-work, led the way at once to a quick turn of the Christow, where a crest of fern hung over it. "He was in this fern, for I saw a broken frond hanging down between me and his sandy-colored legs."

"Well done, my dear," said Mr. Arthur, with a laugh, to restore her to a lighter mood. "His sandy-colored trousers, I suppose you mean, or breeches, or whatever 'tis that adorns the rat-catcher's nether man. No doubt it was a rat-catcher, or some other poacher. Dicky Touchwood pays sixpence a head for live rats, to keep his new pack of little terriers in training. No place is sacred where a rat lives now."

He knew as well as Rose that it was no rat-catcher, but he could not bear to see her frightened in her own home-quarters. "I thought that the rat-catchers always brought their dogs," she answered, "and at least one boy, for company. I told you what Mike Smith said to me: 'If you was to give me threescore pun', miss, I would not go a-rattin' up the river by mysel'.' And Mike is considered, as you are aware, the bravest man in Christowell, except John Sage."

"The fault of those excessively brave men is their tendency to underrate their own courage. But certainly there has been some one or other here, probably intending ill to my poor pears. Ah, now I see; how stupid of me! That man near Exeter—what ever is his name? The one who was so terribly put out because he had nothing fit to hold a candle to my Léon Leclerc, and could not find out the name of them, although it was upon them. Depend upon it, he has heard of this new batch in bearing, exemplifying all the recent gains. And I, like a fool, have left the labels still on some of them. I am thankful that he has not put his saw through every one of them. Of all jealous mortals, I am sorry to confess that a gardener is the most jealous, narrow, and secretive. His main point is to keep his wretched scraps of knowledge to himself most strictly. Whereas a liberal-minded man should impart to everybody everything he knows."

"And leave all the labels on his trees," said Rose, which made her father smile, while he told her that she could not see the proper force of any clear reasoning. "But what was this jealous fellow like, my dear?" he continued, as he saw that all her little scare was over. "To rob me of my money is a charitable theft, but to rob me of my knowledge is the rapacity of a cur."

"How can I tell what he was like, dear father, when the mere sight of him so frightened me? But he did not look like a gardening man, for they generally get into a lazy kind of stare."

"Like mine, for instance, or Sam Slowbury's, who is off so disloyally harvesting, just when his hoe is wanted most. He will make a pound *extra*, and be three months out of work when Farmer Willum has done with him. But I told you what he said to me: 'The Lord made the farm, but the ladies makes the gardening,' with a contemptuous reference to you, Miss Rose."

"I am sure that he never meant me, because he told me that I had very good ideas, sounder and more solid, ten times over, than any of my father's. He believed it thoroughly. And who was I to correct him?"

"Not at all the proper one to do it. It would have been most ungracious. But I will take a walk with you by-and-by, my dear. We will go as far as Brent-Fuzz corner. Mrs. Slowbury has a sore throat, you say; we will take her some medlar jelly.

And there may be something left there for us by Master Pugsley. Let us work all the day, and have a walk this evening."

The Captain was as free from small personal fear as any man in England. But the bravest man is troubled by a prowling foe when he has a precious home to guard. To think that his daughter could not walk in his own garden, without being skulked upon and scared, aroused not his anger only, but a stinging sense of insecurity. He watched her as far as the porch, and then returned to examine the track of the enemy. But of this he made nothing, for the ground was very dry, and the man who had been there was cunning enough. So the only conclusion he arrived at was that he durst not leave home for the present without having settled his daughter in safety elsewhere.

Neither did his visit to Brent-Fuzz corner tend to re-assure his mind. Sam Slowbury was not at home, but hard at work at a harvest supper about a mile away; and as he took lead in the choral roar, the breeze brought his voice up the valley, much improved by the softening influence of travel.

"He do sing bootiful!" Mrs. Slowbury whispered, wiping away an unbidden tear, whose source was more in the distance, perhaps, than the deep inner meaning of her husband's words, which were, as you could make out if you went to the barn door, half a mile nigher to his lungs:

"'Tis the stroke o' the clock to be jolly, boys;
'Tis a crack'd plate weeps for its folly, boys;
'Tis a handkercher of holly, boys,
Should tickle the prickles of the staid folk.
When a man hath been swinging his hook, boys,
He deserveth better than a book, boys,
And a' must give his leg an uncrook, boys;
By the will of the Lord who hath made folk.
With a hip, hip, hip hurrah, boys!"

—and a clinking of all cans in chorus.

"He do sing so bootiful, it maketh me feel sad, when I looks on all they little ones, if his breath was to go from him. And the man as sung second to my Sam last year have got the grass gone to seed over him."

"For the sake of your family, Mrs. Slowbury," said the Captain, considering the baby, who was gazing through banks of dirt at him, "you must not take the melancholy side of things. Think of your husband, with good wages now, and work for the winter before him, whatever the weather may be, if he keeps straight."

"Ah! if he only kapeth straight," she answered. "Sam never had a better maister over him. But I tell you, sir, though I cut away the bread from my children's lips by saying it, he be not kaping straight, down to your place."

"Whatever he may be doing, Mrs. Slowbury (and I have had grounds for suspicion lately), I will not hear a word of it from you. It is honest and very good of you to wish to tell me, but I can not have it so."

"Sir, you are a gentleman," the poor woman answered, wiping more tears away with her nursing-cloth; "and you can make allowance for a poor man as is tempted. My Sam is so honest as the day, by temper; but what can he do again they golden guineas?" With a deep sob, she went to a little cupboard by the fire-place, and with anguish interlaced with pride brought out a blue jar of coarse Bovey ware. It was half full of brown sugar, which she turned out on a plate, and at the bottom of the sugar were three new sovereigns.

"Take them, sir," she said; "they be all foul earned. I had them out of my Sam's waistcoat pocket when he were a-talkin' in his sleep one night—a thing as I never knowed him do in fifteen year of married life, by reason of the curse of Achan. When he come to feel for 'un I said, 'Sam, Satan hath 'a sent 'un, and Satan hath taken 'un away.' And he turned as white as this here plate. And a' hathn't had the face to ax no more about 'un. A score of times I've yearned to go and see you, sir, consarning it. But my mind was so upset that I bided and I bided."

"Bide no longer," said the Captain, cheerfully, "in an anxious state of mind. Put by those tempters, for an evil day. I shall not be hard upon your husband, Mrs. Slowbury. A man who has an honest wife, and conscience so loud as to whisper in his sleep, when he sleeps so hard as Sam does, will come straight by-and-by, if he is well looked after."

"Well, sir, them's the very words, though not so grammary, as I laid to my buzzum when my Sam were drunk last night. But a' must come home zober to-night, for a' hath to lay down the time to their voices with the neck of whate, same as first fiddler doth with his bow in Parson's gallery. Ah, the voice of 'un is foine with no more nor half a gallon, and him goin' on for nine little 'uns now. You've took a girt lump off my mind, sir. And the Lord will bless 'e for doing of it, and the bootiful young leddy likewise."

However, there was no great lump taken off the Captain's own mind as he walked home with Rose, who had formed her own sensible conclusions. Neither was his relief increased when he met Betty Sage going home to the village, with a big sheaf of gleaning on her back, which poked her old bonnet down over her eyes, and chafed her with stings of ingratitude. "That's the way we poor volk zwets," cried Betty, instead of "Good-evening, sir," while she scratched at some fly in the nape of her neck. "And the young leddies goo'th about in zilks and zatins, with zun-kivers up when the zun be gone down."

"Don't be so cross, Mrs. Sage," said the Captain—the worst advice that can be given to a virtuously indignant female. "Turn in at my gate and have a draught of cider."

"I don't want none o' your zider, nor the 'toxicating stuff as you makes of harmless apples. Bain't zour—bain't zour enough to zet my teeth up. But I'll give e' a bit of advice, Cappen. You look to your house more sharper. You knows no more of what be going on than a marly-scrarly."

"Run on, Rose, my dear, and see whether Moggy has peppered the mushrooms. Now what is it you want to say, Mrs. Sage?"

"Nort, sir. I never says nort of my thinkings. But they all comes true, without words to them. You've got a bad man about your place, Cappen. A vule to look at, and a vule to talk to; but a' may make vules of them as holds theirselves more cleverer."

"I suppose you mean Sam Slowbury, then?"

"I sha'n't say who I mane, or who I don't mane. A' looketh as straight as a crowbar. But a' hath as many ins and outs as the pocket of a crab-fish."

"There are times of everything," thought Mr. Arthur, as old Betty trudged away; for by dint of lonely work was become a meditative man: "times of trouble, times of peril, times of poverty, and, worst of all, times of perpetual advice. What will my next time be, I wonder? Probably one of perplexity."

He could scarcely have made a better guess, what though—as every prize poet always puts it—he had added to the wisdom of the snakes of Wistman's wood the rapid acumen of the moorland fox, that Reynard who dwells in the centre of a Tor, and will not be dug out by the toughest archæologist.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE BALTIMORE WATER SUPPLY.

The part of Maryland lying north and northeast of the city of Baltimore is rendered varied and picturesque by bold hills rising many hundred feet above mean tide. These hills are intersected by rapid streams. The North Branch of the Patapsco, Jones Falls, and Gwinn's Falls run down by the city, but the Gunpowder River is, at its nearest point, nine miles distant. Wide and fertile valleys, rich in pasture-land, receive these streams, or at times close and precipitous hills inclose them. They flow peacefully through a settled country, by railroads, turnpikes, canals, and country villages, and are seldom disturbed except by the slow, sleepy swish-swash of the dark water-wheel of some rural grist-mill.

Jones Falls alone really flows into the city. We whisper it only, but Jones, it is claimed, was really the pioneer of the olden settlement at the mouth of the falls named after him, afterward more fashionably christened after its patron, the Lord Proprietary. The Falls—still so called because there are no falls on it, perhaps—if it does not fall, at least often rises very unexpectedly, and several times has taken possession of adjacent streets, which are largely devoted to second-hand goods, old clothes, and old iron, causing a rapid exodus of their inhabitants. It has, in fact, a way of supplying suddenly more water than is convenient, and again of not giving enough for daily household use. For Jones Falls has furnished hitherto the entire consumption of the city. On it, near the town, the old Baltimore Water-Works were built by a private corporation in days wherein the memory of living man runneth not, and on an adjacent hill in a thick grove was the "Reservoir," around whose margin promenaded belles in high-heeled shoes and balloon petticoats, with gallants in knee-breeches, embroidered coats, and lace ruffles, and where walked also in more sober guise their grandchildren. The Falls then was a fresh, pure stream, and carried into the city the memory and the hue of its pristine springs. But as population crowded above the source of supply to the old water-works, it became evident that both in quality and quantity there was a necessity for a change for the better. This was as late as 1850. The works of the Baltimore company were bought by the city, and a conflict of opinion began in the usual fashion between citizens with crotchets, civil engineers with or without axes to grind, and the papers, as to the best source of permanent supply. Jones Falls, six miles distant, at the Relay, now Hollins Station, Northern Central Railroad, where Lake Roland now is; the Patapsco, at the North Branch, by pumping; Gwinn's Falls, also by pumping; and the Gunpowder River, nine miles from the city — were all thoroughly canvassed. It was decided to take Jones Falls at the Relay, where a narrow gorge gave an admirable place for a dam, and level open meadows beyond seemed formed expressly for a natural basin. Work was commenced in 1858. Jones Falls, issuing from large springs only seven miles above, and Roland's Run, coming from a direction more to the north, here unite, and together, it was thought, the daily flow would average seventeen million gallons of water.

In supplying our American cities, however (a fact Baltimore was soon to find out), it is always best to make the amplest calculations—and then double them. Within eight years after the completion of the New York Croton Aqueduct, the New York Water Department wrote: "This Board warns the City Council, and through it every citizen, that every drop of water which the works in their present state can supply is now being delivered in the city." We need not cite warnings of later date, nor the example of other cities. Baltimore found in a few years that the supply from Jones Falls and from the connecting storage lakes at Druid Hill Park was insufficient, and that the Gunpowder River would have to be turned on much sooner than was anticipated. The failure of Jones Falls was due to three causes, all operative in our cities—first, Americans make more lavish use of water than any other people; second, the increase of consumption has been found to be far greater annually in proportion than the increase of population; third, when the supply is lowest the demand is greatest—as in times of prolonged drought.

During the drought of 1880 the daily supply of Baltimore ran up from sixteen million gallons to between twenty-five and thirty million gallons. The deficiency was made up from storage, and largely from the "temporary supply" from the Gunpowder. This temporary supply had been added by erecting pumping works, and forcing the water over intervening hills into Lake Roland. Its necessity was seen many years ago, but for some time there was a vigorous opposition by the close economists of the city, who contended that the full supply from Loch Raven would be available in a few years, and there was no need of thus wasting some five hundred thousand dollars of the city's money; it was folly to go to such an expense for fear of a contingency which was so unlikely to happen in such a short period. But happily the Water Board was prevailed upon to think differently, and twice this supply has saved the city from a water famine, and perhaps incalculable damage.

It was contemplated from the beginning to bring on, as the population increased, the waters of the Gunpowder, which is dignified by the name of a river, while Jones Falls and Roland's Run are only large streams. It was not expected, however, that the full supply of the river would be needed before nearly the end of the century. As it has happened, the Jones Falls works were completed in 1861, and in October, 1881, the waters of the Gunpowder will be turned into the city mains, and Baltimore will possess as permanent, as complete, as economical, and as abundant a flow of pure water as any city in the world.

Lake Roland, the first of the series of lakes and reservoirs on the north and east of the city to be constructed, is surrounded by high hills, on which are many private residences, and winds like a river, with abrupt curves above the dam, then expands into a long and broad sheet of water, and after another abrupt curve divides, one branch going northwest, up the valley of Jones Falls; the other north, up the valley of Roland's Run.

Through all its course it lies deep among the hills, and reflects sharply their shadows in its clear waters. There are distant and beautiful views, where the landscape at times counterfeits in miniature a mountainous country, side by side with the most cultivated and gently rolling valleys. The former begins in a singular rocky geological formation known as the "Bare Hills," wherein are found copper, chrome, garnets, and other minerals in small quantities.

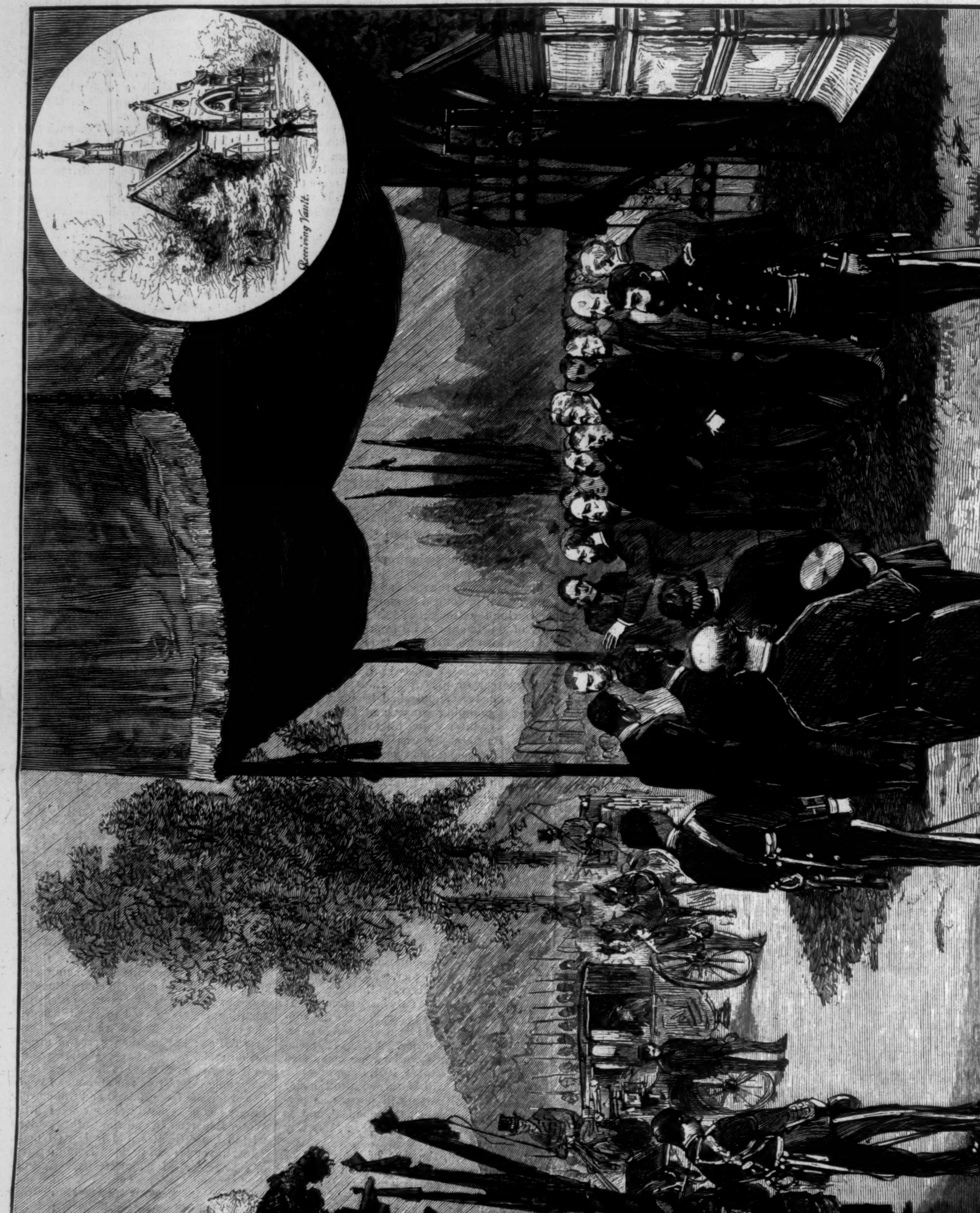
The waters of Lake Roland are conveyed to Hampden Reservoir by a conduit, and from thence to Druid Lake, in Druid Hill Park. The latter gives the Park what at first it so much lacked—a water view; not large or varied, but, taken in connection with the sight of the city, the northwestern portion of which it overlooks, very attractive.

On the Gunpowder River there is a different scenery—no extensive view or fertile valley, but precipitous hills, rugged and almost inaccessible at Raven's Rock, where Loch Raven begins, and clothed with hemlock and pine, closing in a narrow river-bed, and gradually decreasing in wildness, until they end at Meredith Ford, five miles distant, in a pastoral country, where in summer cows wade deliberately out into the shallow river, in sight of huge white-canvased wagons coming down from the upcountry and Pennsylvania.

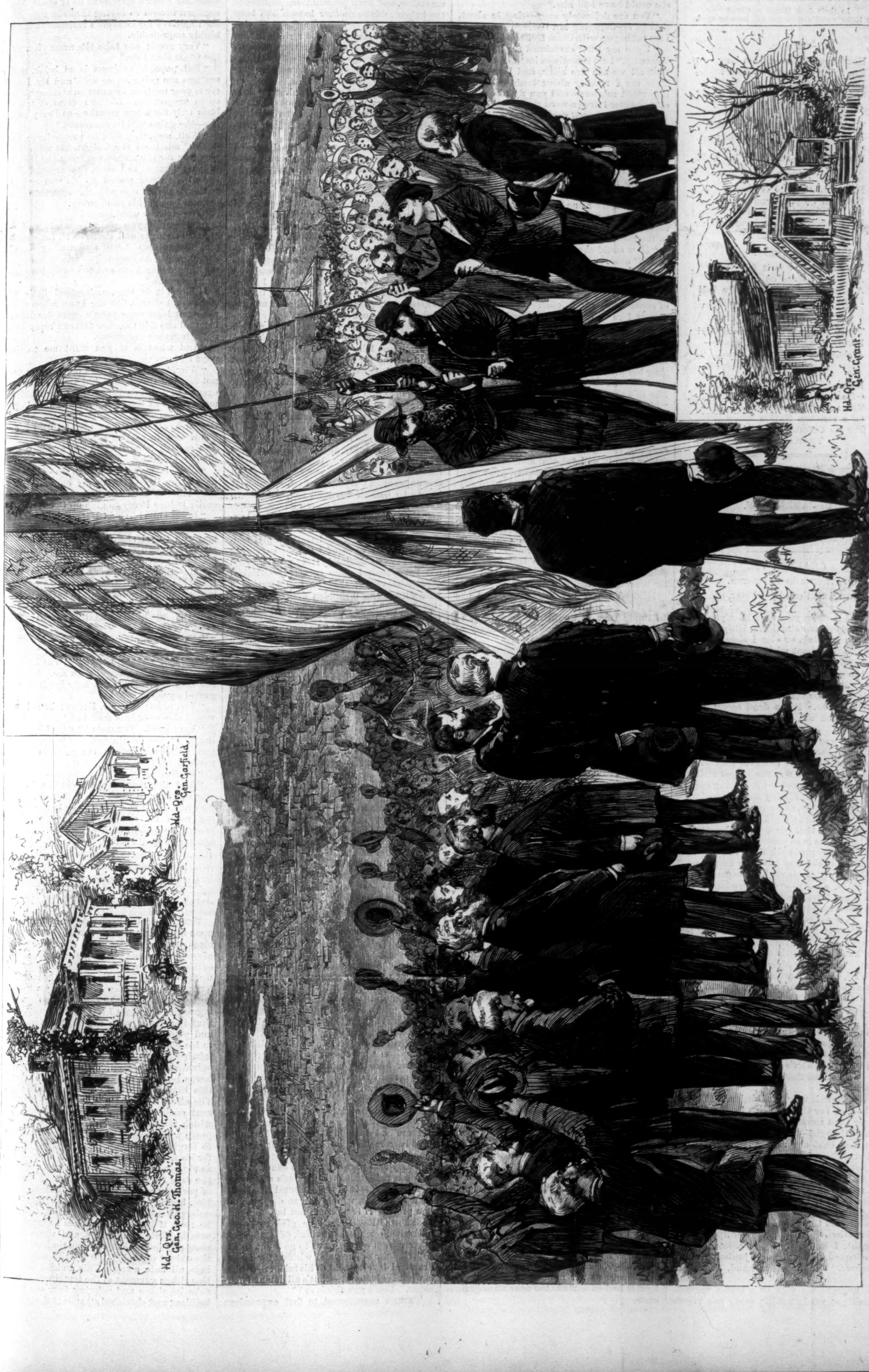
A wide road has been made on each side of the lake, and all the streams are spanned by strong and tasteful bridges of Maryland marble. The dam is cased with the same stone, and both here and at the other lakes it is largely used. Those who have seen the public buildings of Washington city will appreciate the fine effect of the material employed in these constructions.

From the first the same engineer, Mr. Robert K. Martin, has been in charge, and he probably regards the tunnel from Loch Raven to Lake Montebello as his most difficult task. It is the longest, we believe, in the world, being seven miles in length, and with a depth of from sixty-five feet at its minimum to one hundred and sixty-three feet at its maximum, where it passes under Sater's Ridge. The first mile was through limestone rock penetrated by innumerable springs, and the last five through hard blue gneiss. It was divided into mile drifts, and the cuttings all came true. This tunnel cost nearly two million dollars. It empties the waters of Loch Raven into the great storage lake of Montebello, named after the adjoining country-seat of Mr. John W. Garrett; and just across the Harford Road is Lake Clifton, on the estate left by Johns Hopkins for a public park, and for the site of buildings for the Johns Hopkins University.

So that the city of Baltimore now has Lake Roland, with the storage capacity of Druid Lake and Hampden and Mount Royal reservoirs, and, from the Gunpowder, Loch Raven and the large storage lakes of Montebello and Clifton. But Baltimore is a city built, as to its northwestern position, on very high hills, and even the highest of these sources of supply, two hundred and twenty-five feet above tide, can not be used when, as in many instances, the level of the curb of the streets is found to be from one hundred and seventy to two hundred and twenty feet above tide. So a high-service reservoir was added, supplied by pumps, and now water can be sent to the top of Washington's monument if necessary, and the water service of the city is complete. Moreover, the whole supply, with the exception of the high service, comes rushing down by natural flow, and, thanks to Mr. Martin, Mr. Manning, and their assistant engineers, the work has been economically and permanently done, ample for this generation and the next—one hundred and fifty thousand gallons daily, for a population which at present does not consume thirty thousand gallons. Baltimore does not know what to do with it. The talk is of fountains and public baths, and of flushing the inner harbor. Its use will certainly be permitted for manufacturing purposes; and taken in connection with a recent law exempting plant so used from taxation, it is expected to greatly benefit the city's trade. This is a matter for congratulation; but another source of gratification remains, and that is, that, incredible as it may seem to some of her sister cities, the whole interest on ten millions of bonds issued for the Lake Roland and Gunpowder supply has been met by the revenues of the Water Department, and the work was done within the estimates, and it is well done. These revenues are derived from a system of easy water rates, and are over six hundred thousand dollars annually, which may be largely increased when the Gunpowder supply is in full operation, if desired; but it is probable the rates will be reduced, as the Water Department has never been looked to for surplus revenue. The rates are, on private houses, five to fourteen dollars annually; warehouses, from six to ten dollars. There are also special supplies, and supplies by meter where water is desired in large quantities. Much credit is due to the Water Board for able management, and the fact that the members serve without pay, and that these places are no political sinecures, nor are sought after by politicians, has a great deal to do with it. Citizens of Baltimore of high standing and tried business capacity have an excellent way of thus serving the city, at much personal inconvenience. It is to the credit of the Water Board that nearly all the subordinate officers have what may be considered permanent places, and its business has been transacted quietly, skillfully, without frequent changes to suit party managers, economically, and effectively. It is more like a well-managed private corporation than a public one, and with an expenditure of so many million dollars, and with heavy contracts to give out, it stands without a complaint against it of partiality or corruption.



THE FUNERAL OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD—SERVICES AT THE RECEIVING VAULT, LAKE VIEW CEMETERY, CLEVELAND.—From Sketches by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 686.]



REUNION OF THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND—CONFEDERATE AND UNION SOLDIERS RAISING THE STARS AND STRIPES.—From a Sketch by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 683.]

SEPTEMBER 19, 1881.

In their dark House of Cloud
The three weird sisters toil till time be sped.

I.

CLOTHO.

How long, O sister, how long
Ere the weary task is done?
How long, O sister, how long
Shall the fragile thread be spun?

LACHESIS.

'Tis mercy that stays her hand,
Else she had cut the thread;
She is a woman too,
Like her who kneels by his bed!

ATROPOS.

Patience! the end is come;
He shall no more endure:
See! with a single touch!—
My hand is swift and sure!

II.

FIRST ANGEL.

Listen! what was it fell
An instant since on my ear—
A sound like the throb of a bell
From yonder darkling sphere!

SECOND ANGEL.

The planet where mortals dwell!
I hear it not.... nay, I hear!—
A sound of sorrow and dole!

FIRST ANGEL.

Listen! It is the knell
Of a passing soul!—
The midnight lamentation
Of a stricken Nation
For its Chieftain's soul!

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1288.]

FOR CASH ONLY.

By JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "FROM EXILE," "UNDER ONE ROOF," "WALTER'S WORD," "WON—NOT WOOED," "WHAT HE COST HER," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

"I KNOW," continued Sir Peter, confidentially, "though you tie in your skirts so tight, and limp on your toes, that you have got a head on your shoulders, Milly, and are not given to blab, or else I should not be talking to you about what is, after all, more or less of a business matter; but the fact is, I want to get all the information I can about Lyster. A little bird, as you women say, has hinted to me that his affairs are not as they should be. It's a dead secret, mind. But have you any reason for suspecting this?"

Mildred was silent, but it was clear she was deep in thought. She was not treating the matter with that graceful indifference which she had read was the proper attitude to assume with respect to everything human and divine, except flirting and fashion.

"It is not likely, of course," continued Sir Peter, "that Clare should have told you in so many words that her father is in difficulties; indeed, he is so precious close in all he does that she probably does not know it herself. But she may have her suspicions."

"She is very prudent about expenditure," said Milly, slowly—"very prudent. She gives a good deal away, I hear, but one can get a great reputation that way at no great cost. Percy says it even pays in the end."

Sir Peter frowned heavily. "Percy lets his tongue run a great deal too fast, and often knows very little of what he's talking about. I'm asking about Clare."

"Well, Clare, I have always thought, considering her position, spends very little money. Of course, if they are really poor, that explains it."

"Tush! *That's* not it," said Sir Peter, impatiently; "that only shows she's a sensible girl, and doesn't waste her father's money on gimcracks and rubbish." And he looked round his daughter's highly decorated boudoir in a manner that implied a personal application.

"Yes, Clare is very sensible," said Mildred, the bow of her Cupidon lips drawn a little tighter than usual, "and very practical. I always thought—though you didn't agree with me—that she rather laid herself out for Percy."

"Not a bit of it. That's mere woman's jealousy." Sir Peter, while making this general reflection, addressed himself to the opposite wall; if he had been looking at his daughter he would have seen her start and tremble, and then, as if irritated at her own indiscretion, frown and bite her lips. "You thought, I know, that your cousin might have looked higher than my junior partner's daughter. On the other hand, *she* might have looked higher too. Frank Farrer has now brought his pigs to a better market. There! you needn't sniff; every one knows that if Clare had held up her little finger, she could have had him."

"You are delicately suggesting, in short, that in encouraging Mr. Farrer's attentions I am taking up with Clare Lyster's leavings."

"Upon my life," exclaimed Sir Peter, vehemently, "I am sometimes inclined to think that all women are alike, and born fools! Here am I talking about business—really important matters—and you fly into a passion because I drop a word that wounds your vanity! What *would* you have? Didn't I say that Farrer's second thoughts were best? If not, I meant to say it. Second thoughts are often best, and the thoughts that people think for us, I may add—people who have a right to do so, of course—are better than those we think for ourselves. No, I don't think Clare's economies have anything to do with this matter one way or another. But have you seen no change in her of late months? Has she seemed despondent, down in the mouth?"

"How could she, having just secured her prize?" observed Mildred, sarcastically.

"To be sure; though that's not so certain, mind you: indeed, that was what I was coming to. My consent to Percy's marriage was, of course, only conditional. I should never permit him to marry an unsuitable person—one, I mean, unsuitable as regards position."

"I am afraid you would find it rather difficult to stop him now," said Mildred, shrugging her plump shoulders.

"Difficult! Where's the difficulty, I should like to know?" returned Sir Peter, angrily. "If Percy chooses to consider himself his own master, well and good; but if I know him, he will think twice about that."

"Still, the matter has been quite arranged," continued Mildred, looking at her father keenly, as he chafed and frowned under her gaze; "you have passed your word to Percy, remember."

"Then, if what I suspect is the case," said Sir Peter, bluntly, "he'll just have to pass it back again. As long as there's nothing in writing, one can always get out of a bad bargain; besides," he added, confidently, like one who is fortified by religion as well as morality, "Clare is the last person to think of bringing an action against a man for breach of promise of marriage."

Mildred shook her head; not that she meant to dissent from this opinion, but only to imply that it would not be so easy to change front in the face of the enemy as her father appeared to imagine.

"Then there's that fellow Gerald," continued Sir Peter, pursuing, as it appeared, some reflection of his own. "I dare say he may have something to do with it in case things are as bad as I hear. He has cost his father, no doubt, a pretty penny. They tell me he not only drinks, but gambles. If I had a son who gambled, he should never see one penny of my money."

Again Mildred bent her head; perhaps in assent to this virtuous observation, only it was observable that that flush came into her face again, for which, in this case, there surely seemed no need.

"What can one expect of Gerald?" she said, disdainfully.

"Well, common decency, for one thing, and that he does not exhibit. There is something wrong with him, I hear, and Rachel Warder, a girl at our mill."

"I say again, what can you expect?" said Mildred, coldly. "He has the example of his own father before him."

"That's true, begad!"

"And in his case he even went to the length of marriage."

"Yes; but then Lyster is Quixotic. His view was that, having begun by making a fool of himself, he was bound in honor—"

"Honor!" exclaimed Mildred, disdainfully. She could have been eloquent on this point, for the arguments of the Guardsman with the tawny mustache were fresh in her mind, but her tone was equal to a folio.

"Well, of course, it was most ridiculous," assented Sir Peter. "If Gerald was to do anything of the sort, it would be all over with him; though, so far as we are concerned—I mean the firm—we should not be altogether sorry for it. It would give us an excuse for shutting the door against him. But his father's case was altogether different."

"In what respect?" inquired the young lady, disdainfully. "The woman he married was of the same class as this Rachel What's-her-name, was she not?"

"Well, yes; but she was a superior person for her station; and when he was caught by the devil—a precious narrow squeak it was, I can tell you—it was her presence of mind that saved him."

Sir Peter's allusion, of course, was not to our ghostly enemy, but to a certain piece of machinery in the mill, called after him—a *cheval-de-frise* of iron teeth, making 180 revolutions or so per minute, with which Mr. Lyster had once made too near an acquaintance.

"Indeed, the girl herself was very respectable, and even presentable," continued the knight, whose mother herself had been a mill hand, and, to judge by the care with which her portrait was kept strictly under lock and key, had not been very presentable. "It was the relations—that Chigwell lot—that rendered the match so unsuitable."

"Unsuitable!" echoed Mildred. "My dear papa, it is very nice and generous of you to stick up for your old friend, but the whole affair was most disgraceful and discreditable."

Sir Peter, whose excuses had really had a personal source (for though one can ignore one's grandmother, one can hardly burke one's mother), did not resent the imputation of the more noble motive.

"Well, well, let by-gones be by-gones. I have never cast the matter up against him, except as regards the secrecy with which it was brought about; and it is the recollection of how deuced close Lyster was throughout that business which makes me suspicious of him now. I have been his friend and partner these twenty years, and yet I know no more than the dead where he has invested his money; whether he is rolling in wealth, in short, or as poor as Lazarus."

"Percy thought, no doubt, he was as rich as Dives," observed Mildred, decisively.

"Well, yes, I dare say he thought Lyster would cut up for a pretty penny, as indeed did I; but besides Percy was taken up with the girl herself, there's no doubt of that, which made him precipitate."

"He was not given much time, perhaps, to make up his mind," remarked Mildred, dryly.

"You think she snapped at him, do you?" said Sir Peter, dubiously. "Well, I confess that never struck me. While, as to Lyster himself, I am bound to say he discouraged the engagement from the first. And that has to be considered, mind you," added the knight, with the air of one to whom, for the first time, some new and powerful moral argument has presented itself. "Is it right that a young man should marry a girl contrary to the wishes of her sole surviving parent?" His Majesty Henry VIII. could not have looked more conscience-stricken upon discovering that he had married a wife within the forbidden degrees of relationship—and wanted to get rid of her—than did Sir Peter.

"On the other hand," he continued, "my informant may have been altogether on a wrong scent. And Lyster, as you were saying, may be a Dives instead of a Lazarus. I wonder now whether Herbert Newton's leaving the mill had anything to do with this? It is possible he smells a rat."

"I should think it very likely," said Mildred: she was going to add, "because the mill is overrun with rats," but fortunately for her—for Sir Peter did not like jokes (that is, other people's jokes) when business was being talked—her father interrupted her.

"You do, do you? Now that's what I wanted to get at," exclaimed Sir Peter, excitedly; "you women have a certain quickness, and that is why I consulted you. To an outsider, of course, Herbert's leaving the mill is unaccountable. He is the best man we have, and he knows it. Percy is a clever fellow, but that is all. I am much mistaken if Herbert does not turn out an Arkwright. Yes, or, as you say, now he has taken to this new line, a Watt."

Mildred had said nothing of the kind; she had said, "What?" not knowing what an Arkwright was. But Sir Peter, full of his subject, had credited her with equal knowledge. The truth was, Mildred knew very little of anything except what was to be picked up from society novels; of manufactures in a general way she was absolutely ignorant; and even as respected her father's mill, she was acquainted with little more than the fact that it produced, in good times, a great deal of money.

She was, however, naturally quick-witted, and on the present occasion perceived that her best way of becoming acquainted with certain facts that might concern her was to pretend that they were already at her fingers'-ends.

"It is quite certain, you see," continued Sir Peter, "that in a year or two, or less, if Herbert had stopped at the mill, he would have been made a partner. But at present, though his money is in it in a certain sense, it is only as a part of Lyster's share. If he smells a rat—thinks his uncle's affairs are in a bad way—it is only natural he should wish to realize, which he can do just now at a profit. If Lyster can not buy him out, he knows that I shall be glad to do so. And when one comes to think of it, for what other reason *can* he want to go? As to his devotion for science, and wishing for a more practical development of his talents—which is what is given out—that's all damned nonsense. Don't you think so?"

Though accustomed to fast expressions and slang terms, Mildred could hardly indorse Sir Peter's statement as it stood, but confined herself to saying that she thought such motives for Herbert's retirement were highly improbable.

"Very good; you take the same view of the affair that I do."

"But, papa, if business is so brisk, and matters are going on so well, and Mr. Lyster is your partner, he must be making money in proportion. If the revival of trade lasts only for a few months—so Percy told me—the gains will be enormous."

"Well, well, they will be pretty large, no doubt," admitted the knight, his self-complacency for the moment getting the better of him; "but as to Lyster, that depends."

And Sir Peter pulled up his stiff cravat with the air of one who has something to conceal besides his shirt collar.

"Depends on what, papa?"

"Oh!—well, you would scarcely understand it; stocks and shares. If, for example, Lyster has been speculating—and there's really no knowing—largely, his present losses may have swallowed up his contingent gains."

Mildred, it is true, understood little of stocks and shares, but she knew when people, or at least some people, were deceiving her, and she felt that her father's reply was not altogether ingenuous.

"And what is it you want me to do, papa?"

"Why, to keep your eyes open. You are not often at Oak Lodge, but there's now an excuse in Lyster's illness for your making more frequent visits, and girls can find out things from girls. I shouldn't wonder if Gerald knew something about this, for he has a certain sort of cunning—pump *him*. You see it's important to get at the truth for Percy's sake."

"Well, it may be infatuation—indeed, people say it is—but in my opinion, however matters turn out to be, you will not easily induce Percy to give up Clare."

"Induce him! Gad! if it should turn out that Clare's a beggar—for that's what it may run to—I sha'n't talk about inducements. I shall say, 'Young man, you will marry at your peril.'"

"But that will be very harsh, papa, will it not?" said Mildred, looking down to conceal a glance it was difficult to decipher, but which had something of malice or triumph in it that belied her plaintive tones; "and very, very sad."

"Never you mind about its harshness or sadness," replied Sir Peter, curtly; "that's Percy's look-out and not yours; but I think he is too wise to quarrel with me. There's the door-bell. Did I not hear hoofs on the gravel sweep?"

"Yes, papa; it is Mr. Farrer; he said he would ride over this morning."

"Very good. You mustn't keep him waiting, so I'll not detain you any longer. But you quite understand the position as regards Percy?"

"Perfectly."

"And the necessity for caution in the way of going to work? That's well. You may rely on't, I sha'n't join you in the drawing-room for the next twenty minutes, missy," he added, with a sly nod. "I am not one to spoil sport."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AMERICAN OPIUM-SMOKERS.

By H. H. KANE, M.D.

II.

THERE is probably no subject in the world upon which people entertain such erroneous ideas as that of the effect upon the mind of smoking opium. The generally received opinion, and one to be found in most of the works of travel in China, is that the smoker, having finished a few pipes, falls back in a heavy death-like sleep that knows no waking until the effects have passed away, and that is peopled with the most fascinating and pleasing dreams. Even Dickens errs in his idea of the effects of the drug when inhaled. It is extremely rare to find an opium-smoker sleeping. Indeed, the opium keeps him awake many times, and it is of this inability to sleep that he complains. The effect of the pipe is to produce a pleasant condition of dreamy wakefulness, in which the smoker feels perfectly happy, at peace with himself and all the world, ready to forgive his enemy, and do great things for his friend. It is a state that approaches as closely as an American can ever come to the *dolce far niente* of the Italian. A feeling of perfect rest and contentment steals over him, hope is brightened, and he revels in enlarged and pleasing anticipation. When he rises, if he has not smoked to great excess, he feels exhilarated, and walks with elasticity and rapidity. Upon the hard bunk the things of to-day, the squalid surroundings, all fade away. This waking dream, this silken garment of the imagination, will take its shape and coloring from the most brilliant and cherished strands that are run-

ning through the web and woof of his life's story. At one and the same time it puts out of sight harsh realities, and replaces them by a bubble whose play of colors and misty outlines are born of the pipe alone.

That the smoker imagines himself immensely wealthy or possessed of magnificent fame, that he thinks he has been in the company of kings and princes, and that the world is a foot-ball at his feet, is the most complete absurdity. I have talked with many habitués, both Americans and Chinese, have seen them smoke, and have smoked with them, and have never yet found one who had had such experience. As the smoker's hopes, ambitions, aspirations, and longings are, so will be the figures and incidents of his opium reverie.

The pleasurable sensations that follow the first stage, or that of moderate exhilaration or talkativeness, vary in duration according to the temperament of the individual and the amount of the drug used. Following it there may or may not be sleep, but it is never filled with dreams, and rarely comes until the person goes to bed. Sleepers are rarely seen in a "joint." Parties of two or three will be found grouped about each tray, either listlessly thinking, cooking, and smoking, or chatting quietly and indolently with one another. In some places there is loud talking from group to group, singing, and occasional wine-drinking. This, however, is foreign to the practice, and will heartily disgust a true smoker. The darkened room, the subdued voices, the hissing and bubbling of the pipe, the aroma of the cooking opium, and the different faces half lit by the dim light of the little opium lamp, serve to impress a visitor with a sense of awe and astonishment.

Smoking to decided excess will sometimes produce deep sleep—a sleep, however, devoid of pleasing dreams, but pregnant with horrid phantasmagoria and uncanny scenes that terrify and disgust the victim. Such effects often come to the novice who pushes the indulgence too far. Hallucinations, delusions, labored action of the heart, intense nausea and vomiting, and great prostration follow. This happened to two of my nurses and myself. Some smokers are nauseated every time they indulge for from three to six months, and still they persist; others are never troubled by it.

The smoker finds after a time that the pleasurable sensations of the first few months disappear, and he only smokes to avoid the terrible suffering that usually accompanies the effort to abandon the practice. The good spirit of the magical pipe has disappeared, giving place to a demon who binds his victim hand and foot. The shackles that he has lazily and indolently riveted upon himself now refuse to be unloosed, and he finds himself no longer drawn to his idol with silken cords, but driven to continue a practice he loathes by the suffering so sure to follow its abandonment. Pitiable indeed is such a one in his weakness.

The physical and mental ill effects of opium-smoking manifest themselves in disinclination for continued mental effort, weakening of the will-power, wavering in decision, loss of memory, emaciation, soreness of the eyes, obstinate constipation, hemorrhoids, dyspepsia, catarrhal inflammation of the throat and bowels, lassitude, impotence, and partial paralysis of the bladder.

The effect financially is very bad indeed. The process of cooking and smoking taking, for full satisfaction, a number of hours each day, business is almost invariably neglected, and the devotee, if he continues, becomes ruined. The opium pipe, with the accompanying indolence, is one of the greatest thieves of time. A hard smoker will spend most of the day and night in a joint.

A curious point in this connection is that those smokers who have opium and a full outfit at home prefer to smoke in the low joints, partly from the companions to be found there, partly because they seem to get a more decided effect from the constantly used pipes and in the smoke-loaded atmosphere of these places. An habitué who smokes to excess is called a "fiend."

The Chinese have an idea that when a woman has once smoked from a pipe it becomes worthless, failing to color, and being liable to split. For this reason female smokers are always given the poorest pipes in the place.

An ordinary smoker will consume about three drachms of smoking opium (equal in strength to six drachms of crude opium) in a day. This will cost him from fifty to seventy-five cents. "Fiends" have been known to smoke as much as a pound and a quarter a day.

Some idea of the extent to which opium is smoked by white men in this country may be gained from the fact that actors and travelling salesmen who have been in every town of any importance say that they have never found a city yet, East or West, where smoking places were not to be found, and where from one to twenty whites, male and female, were smoking. Dr. Remondino, of San Francisco, Dr. Shurtleff, of Stockton, California, Dr. Papin, of St. Louis, and Dr. Harris, of Virginia City, Nevada, assure me that the practice is rapidly spreading in spite of the most stringent laws, imposing heavy fines and imprisonment, having been passed. In San Francisco so great did the evil become, so many women and young girls were led to these opium-houses and taught smoking and other evil practices, that in 1876 it was found necessary to pass a city ordinance, under which arrests are constantly being made. The only effect has been to scatter the smokers, and close the more public places. Smoking, however, is going on just the same.

The following table, obtained through the great kindness of Joseph Nimmo, Esq., Chief of the Bureau of Statistics, Treasury Department, Washington, shows how large are the quantities of smoking opium that have entered this country in the past ten years. Smoking opium is readily distinguished, in the returns, from gum opium from the fact that the duty on the former is $6, while that on the latter is but $1 per pound.

Fiscal Year ending June 30.	Pounds.	Value.
1871	37,824.00	$353,334 00
1872	49,375.00	535,596 52
1873	53,059.00	581,656 20
1874	55,343.75	556,844 00
1875	62,774.66	662,066 00
1876	53,189.42	577,288 51
1877	47,427.94	502,662 27
1878	54,804.78	617,160 20
1879	60,647.67	643,774 00
1880	77,196.00	773,796 00

It will thus be seen what an immense amount of smoking opium, none of which leaves this country for other ports, is being used here. An increase of over 17,000 pounds in the last year of a drug intended solely to pander to a vice is indeed startling. That this increase is not due to an increase in the number of Chinamen in the United States may be seen by the following figures:* According to the census of 1870 there was in this country a Chinese population of 62,736. According to Mr. Alfred Wheeler, who testified before the Congressional committee, the Chinese arrivals and departures were as follows from 1870 to October 1, 1876:

Year.	Arrivals.	Departures.	Gain.
1870....	10,869	4,232	6,637
1871....	5,542	3,264	2,278
1872....	9,773	4,887	4,886
1873....	17,075	6,805	10,270
1874...	16,085	7,710	8,375
1875....	18,021	6,305	11,716
1876....	13,914	3,481	10,433
	91,279	36,684	54,595

The Chinese population at the end of 1876 would have been, then, 62,736 plus 54,595, or a total of 117,331. A deduction of two per cent. for the death rate leaves 104,731. The *Alta California* newspaper carries the figures on from 1876, as follows:

Year.	Arrivals.	Departures.	Gain.	Loss.
1877...	9,906	7,852	2054	..
1878...	7,418	6,512	906	..
1879...	6.544	6,906	..	362
	23,868	21,270	2960	362

Deaths (estimated at two per cent. on population of 100,000).................... 6000
Gain, 2960, less 362 2598

3402

This gives us an actual falling off in population to the number of 3402.

Our census of 1880 gives us a Chinese population of 105,440. With an actual falling off in population, or a condition of standstill, how can we account for the enormous increase in the amount of smoking opium reaching us in the past few years, and more especially the last year? In 1879, with a falling off of 3402 in the number of Chinamen in this country, there was an increase of 5843 pounds in the smoking opium imported, an increase of 7377 pounds in 1878 over that imported in 1877. Thus, with a falling off of 3402 in Chinese population from October, 1876, to 1880, there was an increase of 7456 pounds of smoking opium. The increase in ten years time (1870–1880) amounts to 39,372 pounds.

At a low estimate we have 4000 Americans smoking this drug. As an average we may safely say that each smoker consumes 100 grains of opium daily. Multiplying this by the number of smokers, we have 400,000 grains daily, and this by the number of days in a year gives us 146,000,000 grains, or about 19,000 pounds.

At a low estimate we may say that ten per cent. of the adult Chinamen in America smoke regularly. This would give us 10,544 Chinamen smoking; and supposing each to consume daily 100 grains, we have a total for the year of 50,240 pounds. We have here probably underestimated the number of Americans and Chinamen smoking, and the amount smoked. In any event, taking Americans and Chinese smokers together, we get a yearly total of 69,240 pounds of smoking opium consumed.

Besides the opium imported for smoking, some is smuggled by Chinamen coming to this country, some is made here from crude opium by the keepers of the lower-class dens; and No. 2, a mixture of the ash left after smoking No. 1 and crude opium, boiled together and filtered, is also used. Ordinary smoking opium leaves thirty-three per cent. of ash, which is very powerful, six grains sufficing to paralyze a rabbit when injected under its skin.

A lover of his kind must needs view with no little apprehension the spread of so seductive a vice, and one that, despite the most stringent measures for its suppression, is spreading rapidly in all parts of this country. While it is true that this manner of narcotic intoxication is neither so injurious nor so rapid in its effects as the use of the drug by the mouth or hypodermically, still it is sufficiently injurious to demand careful study and attention. Those frightful pictures of thin, cadaverous, sallow-faced Chinamen, just on the brink of the grave, as depicted by many as the result of excessive opium-smoking, I have never yet seen amongst Americans. Indeed, as a class, they are stout and healthy, although having smoked the drug for from two to ten years.

Between opium-smoking and chronic alcoholism there can be no comparison whatever, the latter working by far the greater physical, moral, and financial ruin in a shorter time. Moreover, those ill effects that result from inordinate smoking are felt by the individual alone. He never beats his wife in his frenzy, destroys furniture, shoots his friend, or stabs his enemy; he does not go reeling through the street to fall at last an inert mass in the gutter, there to sleep off the debauch, unless disturbed and locked up by a policeman.

It must be remembered, however, that, like the alcoholic inebriate, and unlike the morphia injector, he has not the excuse of sleepless nights or agonizing pain to drive him to the practice, but deliberately and willfully walks into a bondage simply to satisfy a morbid appetite. Opium, however used, is a drug that can not be trifled with, and one that binds firmer than any bands that man can weave.

* Seward. *Chinese Immigration in its Social and Economical Aspects.* New York: 1881.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

Fear concerning personal safety is becoming as common among monarchs in the Old World as hay-fever is among clergymen in the New. The Sultan of Turkey is reported as growing morbid in his fear that something will explode and carry him off. The Spanish ambassador had to wait forty days for an interview with his suspicious Highness, and General Wallace was kept waiting over a month.

Since Virginia is styled the Mother of Presidents, it might not be inappropriate to designate the north of Ireland as the Grandmother of Presidents. The fathers of Jackson and Arthur came from County Antrim, Buchanan's father emigrated from County Donegal, and Polk's ancestors were of north of Ireland stock.

A woman in Chicago has two divorce suits on hand. She sets forth that she took a man's word for it that her first husband was dead, and married the informant. She afterward learned that her first husband had not died, but had married another woman. She now seeks a divorce from him on the ground of violation of the marriage contract, and from her second husband on the plea that her marriage with him was illegal.

The zealous Mormon missionaries have invaded even cold little Iceland, and have pictured the land of the Latter-day Saints in such glowing colors that many of the shivering inhabitants have consented to be proselyted.

A Democratic justice of the peace in Indiana is not to be awed by the superior position of a mere Secretary of State, as the following communication from a Fort Wayne justice to the State official above named amply proves: "You are a lire when you told the paper there that I said the laws were made for me. I am a justis, and I know what my rights are. You are a fule. I am the worst Democrat in this town, and all I want is my rights. I hope you won't tell no more lies about me."

A farmer in the West took strychnine, and then shot himself. The ball pierced the stomach, and that organ emptied itself of the poison before it was absorbed into the system. The bullet wound is not necessarily fatal.

"In Sweden the smallest town possesses an open-air band." Perhaps that is why it remains the smallest town.

A famous lion-hunter in Algeria has a plan for bringing the pleasure of gunning for big game within the reach of the most timid. He proposes to convert a table-land in the forest of Bordj-Bouira, not far from a railroad, into an immense park, into which he will entice lions, panthers, and the like, by turning out broken-down horses and other domestic animals to graze. The ambushes for hunters will range from screens of bushes for the fearless sportsman up to solid fortresses from the ramparts of which ladies even may draw the bead on hyenas, jackals, lynxes, and tiger-cats.

A Chicago newspaper voices the plaint of the blonde travellers from that city, who aver that the red upholstery of the parlor-cars does not suit their complexion. The petition is made that so long as blondes are in vogue there be blue-upholstered cars run in each train.

The only death that has yet occurred from natural causes in Aspen, Wyoming, is that of a man who went there from Texas after having been on trial for his life.

A newspaper in Kentucky is edited by a man named Dittoe, and when he insinuates that the responsible man of an esteemed contemporary is by nature fitted to be a left-handed regicide, he has his name shouted back to him with great primer emphasis.

A negro was crossing a Texas bayou with a quarter of beef in a small skiff. Alligators swarmed around him in such numbers that he took to a tree. The next day men with guns drove the brutes away.

The arrival of a kingly visitor in this city in the week following President Garfield's death was hardly noticed, so deep and absorbing was the sorrow of the public. King Kalakaua, almost immediately on his arrival, sent a message of condolence to Mrs. Garfield. He spent his time in this city quietly visiting places of interest, and declined all invitations to formal social meetings. He made a few visits to friends whom he had known in his island realm. The occupation of the public mind with the sad thoughts that were uppermost was a sufficient excuse for the omission to give him a public reception, and if such reception had been tendered, he would have undoubtedly asked that it be omitted. The King visited Coney Island, where his tall figure dressed in black, and his swarthy face, set off by a large white felt hat, made him an object of attention, which was increased when it was noised about that a King was seeking recreation on the sands. He paid a Sunday evening visit to the head-quarters of Mr. Edison in Fifth Avenue, where the young inventor explained to him his principle of electric illumination. One of the King's suite made the suggestion that Edison's boilers be placed over the crater of one of the Hawaiian volcanoes, where sufficient heat was going to waste to furnish power for the lighting of the world if the electric current could be distributed through submarine cables. The King appreciated the joke. By-the-way, he is credited with having made a joke himself while in Spain not long ago. The train ran off the track, and he asked the guard if railroad accidents were frequent in that country. "Very rare," was the reply; "this is only in honor of your Majesty." "Then I think I had better travel incognito!" said the King.

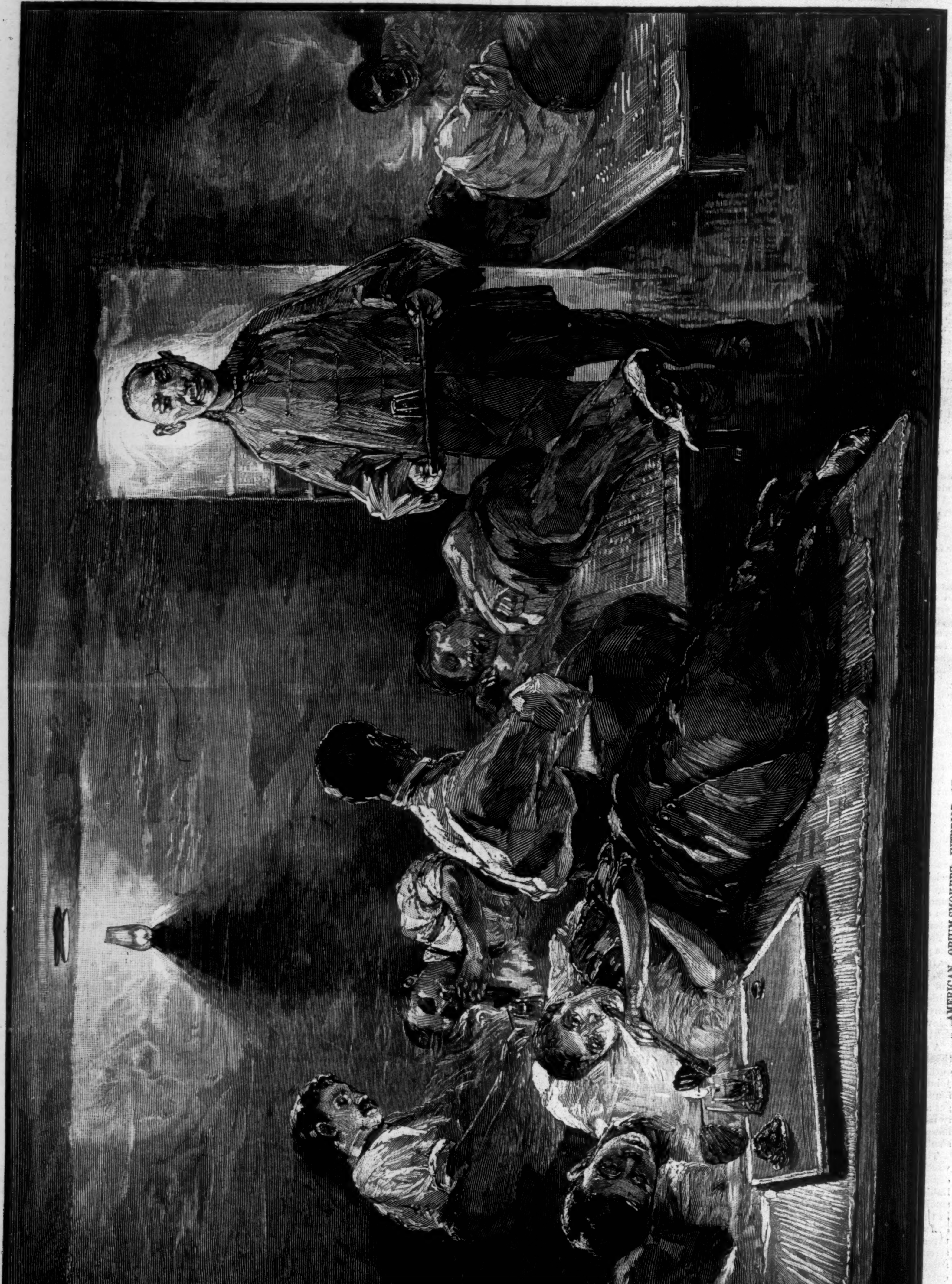
THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND.

The reunion of the Army of the Cumberland, on the 21st and 22d ult., at Chattanooga, Tennessee, was a memorable meeting. It included thousands of representatives of the Union and Confederate armies which had taken part in the sanguinary conflicts of Chattanooga and Chickamauga, and the feeling of fraternity displayed was unmarred by a single incident.

On the 22d occurred the scene depicted in our illustration on page 681. At noon of that day all the bells in the city were tolled, business was suspended by proclamation of the Mayor, and several thousand ex-Union and ex-Confederate soldiers formed in line and marched to Cameron Hill, where the requiem exercises of the day were to take place. An immense flag-staff had been erected on the summit of the hill, and around this the ex-soldiers formed.

As the Confederate division of the procession reached the crown of the hill, their band played "Dixie," and they responded with cheers, which were lustily responded to by their Union comrades. The marshals of the two divisions of the procession, each with four aides, saluted and marched to the staff, and the flag, draped in mourning, was hoisted to the breeze by Major M. Grant, late of the Union army, and Major J. L. McCullom, late of the Confederate service. As the flag was being raised the band played the "Star-spangled Banner," and the crowd, estimated at ten thousand, loudly cheered. The flag was then lowered to half-mast, the band playing "Nearer, my God, to Thee," and all present standing with uncovered heads.

Major S. A. Key, of Chattanooga, then delivered a stirring and most patriotic address on behalf of the Society of ex-Confederate Soldiers, which was responded to by General Keifer, of Ohio, on behalf of the Society of the Army of the Cumberland. Religious exercises followed. In the afternoon joint memorial services were held in the Court-house Park. Resolutions of sympathy and condolence on the death of President Garfield were adopted, and a committee was appointed to attend the funeral at Cleveland, and present a copy of the resolutions to Mrs. Garfield.



AMERICAN OPIUM-SMOKERS—INTERIOR OF A NEW YORK OPIUM DEN.—Drawn by J. W. Alexander.—[See Page 682.]

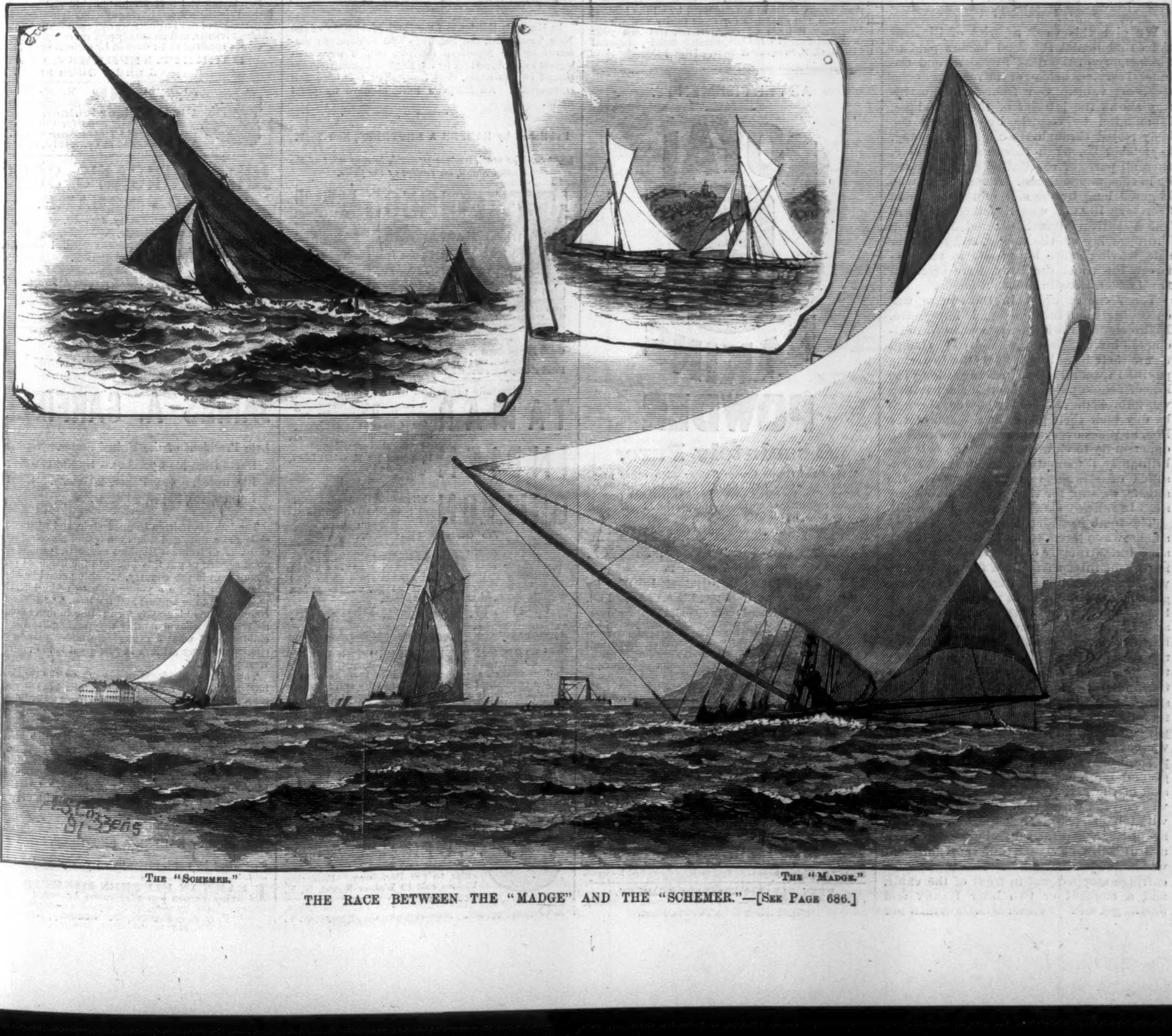
SERGEANT MASON AND THE JAIL WHERE GUITEAU IS CONFINED.—From a Photograph by John Goldin and a Sketch by Charles Graham.

SERGEANT MASON.

On the evening of September 10 a squad of United States soldiers, under command of Captain McGilfray, went to the jail where Guiteau is confined, to change guard. The squad was driven up in three wagons, and the Captain and Sergeant Mason were in the first. As soon as the wagon stopped in front of the jail, Mason got out, walked a few feet away to a place that commanded the window of Guiteau's cell, raised his rifle, and fired at the window. The bullet entered the cell, and glanced harmlessly from the wall. Captain McGilfray ran up to the Sergeant, who stood with his rifle presented after the shot, and Mason said to him, excitedly: "I fired the shot, Captain, and I intended to kill the scoundrel. I did not enlist to guard an assassin."

He was disarmed, put under arrest, and sent to the arsenal He said that before leaving the arsenal he had loaded his gun with a 45-calibre ball for the purpose of killing Guiteau. He said he had been thinking about doing it for several days, and had concluded that it was his duty to do so.

Mason is First Sergeant of Company B, Second Artillery, and is a tall and fine-looking man of thirty-eight. His officers and comrades say that he was an efficient soldier, and is not a drinking man. Some of them think that he is eccentric. He is a native of Virginia. His five brothers



The "Schemer." The "Madge."

THE RACE BETWEEN THE "MADGE" AND THE "SCHEMER."—[See Page 686.]

served in the Confederate army; but he joined the Union army nineteen years ago, and served creditably in the war. There is no reason to suppose that any of his comrades knew of his design. The officers of the jail, after having made an examination, are of opinion that GUITEAU was not at the window of his cell, as he told them, but was lying upon the bed at the time the shot was fired.

The Sergeant is a fine marksman, and General AYRES, who commands the Second Artillery, to which he belongs, says he undoubtedly would have hit GUITEAU had the latter been at the window. As it was he was driven into an agony of fear by the shot. He was found crouched in one corner of his cell, crying loudly for protection, and begged to be removed to a cell where he would not be exposed. He was removed.

THE "MADGE."

THE first of the races in American waters with the English-built Scotch cutter *Madge* was sailed on September 27 over the Seawanhaka Yacht Club course. Under the club rules, the *Schemer* gave the *Madge* twelve minutes time allowance; but, as it came out, the *Madge* might have given the American the little that the latter would have been entitled to under the rules usually governing time allowance, and still have won the race. There was a stiff breeze from start to finish, and the tide was against the yachts both ways. Below the Narrows there was a considerable sea. Each carried a broad spread of canvas, and there was not much difference between the methods of handling the two boats. After they had passed the Narrows and laid their course, the *Madge* began to take the lead, and she held it to the finish. She went over the course nearly six minutes quicker than the *Schemer*. The conditions for a fair test of sailing qualities seemed to be all that could have been desired, so far as water and wind were concerned; but the visiting yacht was in better condition throughout for sailing in a match than was the American boat.

On the following day the *Madge* defeated the yacht *Wave* by upward of twenty-five minutes, and on the 29th was victorious a third time, in a match with the *Mistral*. The first match is illustrated on page 685.

AT REST.

WE give this week a series of illustrations that depict the final honors paid to the memory of the dead President and the funeral services held over the remains at the receiving vault. Our front-page illustration shows the interior of the catafalque, illuminated by electric light, where the body rested through the night of Sunday, September 25, when thousands of people, from all parts of the United States, passed by in solemn procession. Among those who lingered long by the side of the dead was Secretary BLAINE, who remained an hour. The beautiful wreath ordered by Queen VICTORIA lay on the casket, and on either side, leaving space for people to pass between them and the body, were arranged floral decorations in great profusion.

The scene at night in the square was exceedingly picturesque and impressive. Eighteen electric lights, two powerful calcium lights, and over one hundred gas lamps threw their bright rays upon the towering pavilion from all sides. All night long the line of people passing through the pavilion was unbroken. Hundreds who went through by day took their places at the end of the line, at times over a mile long, to obtain an opportunity to view the catafalque as it was brilliantly illuminated after dark. Thousands of strangers wandered about the streets, waiting for the daylight, and many slept in railway cars or country wagons.

The tomb in which the body of the President was placed temporarily is a brown sandstone structure of Gothic design, standing about fifteen feet back from the driveway, and some distance from the entrance gates. A catafalque was placed in the centre of the vault, and draped flags were hung at each side. At the head was suspended a beautiful wreath sent to Mrs. GARFIELD by the ladies of Dubuque, and another sent by the Brazilian Embassy at the instance of the Emperor. The floor was covered with sprigs of evergreen, upon which were strewn flowers in great profusion. Outside, a carpet had been laid to the carriageway, which was covered with a black canopy. The carpet was also strewn with flowers, while the ground for a considerable space on each side of the carpet and in the carriageway was covered with green twigs, interspersed with immortelles and other flowers. It was about 3.30 when the funeral car came down a little hill to the south of the vault, and was halted just beyond it. Mrs. GARFIELD's carriage stopped just in front of the vault, and a moment or two later HARRY and JAMES got out. Neither Mrs. GARFIELD nor the President's mother left the carriage, but both of them threw back their veils and gazed long at the sight within the vault. General SWAIM, Colonel CORBIN, Colonel ROCKWELL, and a few others of the close family friends left their carriages, but most of the others retained their places. Secretaries BLAINE and WINDOM were the only members of the cabinet visible. Ex-President HAYES and Mr. EVARTS stood together almost in front of the tomb. About 3.45 the coffin was borne from the funeral car and placed on the catafalque in the vault, while the Marine Band again played the familiar strains of "Nearer, my God, to Thee." The closing services were then performed. Mrs. GARFIELD and her mother-in-law sat opposite each other in their carriage, and the old lady kept her face at the window nearly all the time, so that she heard everything that was said. The President's wife also looked out of the window frequently. Both of them retained their composure. The younger children remained in their carriages, but HARRY and JAMES stood near the speakers.

A brief and touching address was delivered by Rev. J. H. JONES, chaplain of the Forty-second Ohio, General GARFIELD's old regiment. A song was followed by prayer offered by Dr. HINSDALE, and all was over. Many persons stepped to the door of Mrs. GARFIELD's carriage, and she spoke with them, showing a sweet and composed face to those that paid their respects. Her carriage was soon driven away. The other carriages in the procession followed, and, passing the tomb, were driven around the circle, and passed through the long lines of soldiers on their return to the city.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
A BRAIN RESTORER.
HORSFORD'S Acid Phosphate restores the brain when worried by the wear and tear of an active business life.—[*Adv.*]

ELIZABETH VON STAMWITZ.
Grand Opera House.
MESSRS. WM. B. RIKER & SON:
Gentlemen,—I certainly consider your American Face Powder far superior to any I have ever used.—[*Com.*] Very sincerely,
ELIZABETH VON STAMWITZ.

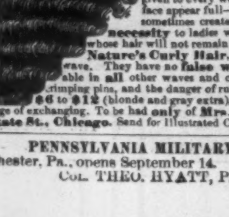
ANGOSTURA BITTERS are endorsed by all the leading physicians and chemists for their purity and wholesomeness. Beware of counterfeits, and ask your grocer and druggist for the genuine article, prepared by Dr. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.
Made from Grape Cream Tartar.—No other preparation makes such light, flaky hot breads, or luxurious pastry. Can be eaten by dyspeptics without fear of the ills resulting from heavy, indigestible food. Sold only in cans, by all Grocers.
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., New York.

LITTLE, BROWN, & CO.
Will publish October 15
THE SHAKESPEARE PHRASE BOOK. By JOHN BARTLETT. 1034 pp., 12mo, Cloth, $3 00.
This book is intended to be an index of the phraseology of Shakespeare: a concordance of phrases rather than of words. Its plan is to take every sentence from his dramatic works which contains an important thought, with so much of the context as preserves the sense, and to put each sentence under its principal words, arranged in alphabetical order.
At the end of the book comparative readings are given from the texts of Dyce, Knight, Singer, Staunton, and Richard Grant White.


MRS. THOMPSON'S Celebrated patent "WAVE." The unparalleled success of this charming addition to a lady's toilet, is due to their convenience, comfort, and the decided improved appearance given to every wearer. They make a thin face appear full—soften the lines that age sometimes creates. They are an absolute necessity to ladies whose foreheads are high—whose hair will not remain in crimp. Being made of Nature's Curly Hair, they cannot get out of wave. They have no false wig-like look, so observable in all other waves and crimps. Does away with crimping pins, and the danger of ruining the hair. Price, $6 to $12 (blonde and gray extra). Sent C. O. D. with privilege of exchanging. To be had only of Mrs. C. Thompson, 107 State St., Chicago. Send for Illustrated Catalogue free. No agents.

PENNSYLVANIA MILITARY ACADEMY,
Chester, Pa., opens September 14. Degrees conferred.
COL. THEO. HYATT, President.

EPPS'S COCOA.
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*
Made simply with boiling water or milk.
Sold only in soldered tins, ½ and lb., labelled
JAMES EPPS & CO., *Homœopathic Chemists*, LONDON, ENG.
Also, *Epps's Chocolate Essence* for afternoon use.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
BAKER'S
Breakfast Cocoa.
Warranted *absolutely pure Cocoa*, from which the excess of oil has been removed. It is a delicious drink, nourishing and strengthening; easily digested; admirably adapted for invalids as well as persons in health.
Sold by Grocers everywhere.
W. BAKER & CO., *Dorchester, Mass.*

REVISED VERSION
OF THE
ENGLISH NEW TESTAMENT.
The Revised Version of the New Testament of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, Translated out of the Greek: being the Version set forth A.D. 1611, compared with the most Ancient Authorities and Revised A.D. 1881.
HARPER'S AMERICAN EDITIONS.
Brevier, 4to, Paper, 20 cents. Brevier, 16mo, Cloth, 45 cents; Brevier, 16mo, Full Leather, Gilt Edges, 90 cents. Brevier, 12mo, Cloth, 60 cents. Pica, 8vo, Cloth, Red Edges, $2 00.
In Harper's Editions of the Revised Version of the New Testament, the Readings and Renderings preferred by the American Revisers (which were consigned to an Appendix by the English Committee) are placed as foot-notes, thus facilitating reference and comparison. All Harper's Editions have *marginal* notes.
Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.
☞ *Sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

D'EFFIAT BLOOD AND SKIN REMEDY
$500 REWARD that it will eradicate ERUPTIONS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, FRECKLES, MOTH, Etc., from the face of any and every Lady or Gentleman that uses it. It cleanses —MALARIA— from the system, Brightens the Eyes, and Beautifies the Complexion. A certain cure for all Skin diseases, and Positively Harmless. $1.00 per Package or 6 for $5.00. Sold by Druggists or sent by mail in letter form on receipt of price.
THE BELL MANN CO.,
842 Broadway, New York.
Mention this paper.
Send stamp for circulars.

Universally prescribed by the Faculty.
TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON
A laxative and refreshing Fruit Lozenge for Constipation, bile, headache, hemorrhoids, cerebral congestion, &c.
Prepared by E. GRILLON, Sole Proprietor, Pharmacien de 1re Classe de la Faculté de Paris, 27, rue Rambuteau, Paris. Sold by all Chemists and Druggists.
75 cents the box.

DO YOUR OWN PRINTING
Presses and outfits from $3 to $500
Over 2,000 styles of type. Catalogue and reduced price list free.
H. HOOVER, Phila., Pa.

"BOKER'S BITTERS," THE BEST Stomach Bitters known—unequalled for their medicinal properties, and for their fineness as a cordial. Beware of counterfeits and imitations similarly put up. For sale by druggists, grocers, liquor merchants, and L. FUNKE, Jr., Sole Agent, 78 John St., N. Y. P. O. Box 1029.

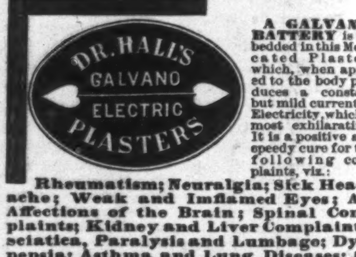
CANDY
Send $1, $2, $3, or $5 for a sample retail box by express of the best Candies in America, put up elegantly and strictly pure. Refers to all Chicago. Address C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner, 78 Madison St., Chicago.

First Prize Medal, Vienna, 1873.
C. WEIS { Manufacturer of Meerschaum Goods.
Wholesale and Retail. Send for Circular to 399 Broadway. Factories, Vienna and 69 Walker Street, N. Y.

20 GOLD and SILVER, or 25 Fancy Chromo Cards, name on, 10c. NASSAU CARD CO., Nassau, N. Y.

DEGRAAF & TAYLOR,
No. 47 & 49 West 14th St.,
Running through the block to
48 WEST 15TH ST.,
Between 5th and 6th Avenues,
THE LARGEST CASH
FURNITURE AND BEDDING
ESTABLISHMENT IN NEW YORK.
Always on hand the largest Stock, complete in every department, at moderate prices. Thirty years established and widely known.

GALVANISM and ELECTRICITY
The Great Curative Agents.



A GALVANIC BATTERY is imbedded in this Medicated Plaster, which, when applied to the body produces a constant but mild current of Electricity, which is most exhilarating. It is a positive and speedy cure for the following complaints, viz.:
Rheumatism; Neuralgia; Sick Headache; Weak and Imflamed Eyes; All Affections of the Brain; Spinal Complaints; Kidney and Liver Complaints; sciatica, Paralysis and Lumbago; Dyspepsia; Asthma and Lung Diseases; Diseases of the Heart; Nervous Prostrations, &c.
PRICE ONLY $1.00.
THE BELL MANN CO., Prop'rs,
842 Broadway, Cor. 13th St., New York.
AGENTS WANTED.
SEND STAMP FOR CIRCULARS.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
Mention this paper. Sent by mail.

STATEN ISLAND
FANCY DYEING ESTABLISHMENT,
Office, 5 and 7 John St., N. Y.
BRANCH OFFICES { 1199 Broadway, near 29th St., N. Y.
279 Fulton St., Brooklyn.
47 N. Eighth St., Philadelphia.
110 W. Baltimore St., Baltimore.
Dye, Clean, and *Refinish* Dress Goods and Garments.
Ladies' Dresses, Cloaks, Robes, &c., of *all fabrics*, and of the most elaborate styles, cleaned or dyed successfully *without ripping*.
Gentlemen's Garments, *cleaned or dyed whole*.
Curtains, Window-Shades, Table-Covers, Carpets, &c., cleaned or dyed.
Employing the best attainable skill and most improved appliances, and having systematized anew every department of our business, we can confidently promise the best results, and unusually prompt return of goods.
Goods received and returned by express or by mail.
BARRETT, NEPHEWS & CO.,
5 and 7 John St., N. Y.

C. STEHR, Manufacturer of Meerschaum Pipes & Cigar Holders. Wholesale and retail. Send for Circular and Price-List. 347 Broome St., N. Y.
Medal awarded at Centennial, 1876.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS,
UNION SQUARE.
SHERRIES, Pale, Dry, Fruity, &c., &c.
HOCKS, Burgundies, Clarets, Sauternes, &c., &c.
CHAMPAGNES, Dry or Fruity, Esteemed Varieties.
COGNACS, in Demijohns and Bottles.
GIN, Holland imported in Jugs.
MARMALADE, Jams, &c. Jas. Keiller & Son, Dundee.
FRUITS GLACÉS, also Preserves, Prunes without stones.
BISCUITS, Alberts and Waters, Middlemass, Edinburgh.

THE LIFE
OF
JAMES A. GARFIELD,
Late President of the United States. With Extracts from his Speeches. By EDMUND KIRKE. Illustrated. 4to, Paper, 20 cents. German Edition, 4to, Paper, 20 cents.
The book is written in good style, and with enthusiastic affection, and holds the reader absorbed to its close. As President Hopkins suggests, it would do a good service to put this Life into the hands of every young man in the country. Nothing could be better adapted to inspire a young man to make himself a man, to seek the highest and the best. * * * We would commend this biography for reading in every family, as showing what a mother may accomplish for her children, and what a young man under adverse circumstances may achieve in this great land of ours.—*Evangelist*, N. Y.
The homely incidents of his life on the canal, his boyish taste for books of adventure, his early and soon cured passion for the sea, are graphically related, and the reader is led in sympathy to follow the fortunes of the ambitious boy who hungered after knowledge and was not afraid to work. Through his experiences as teacher, Professor, and State Senator, he brings the reader to Garfield the soldier. His military exploits are described with a wealth of anecdote. * * * It will command wide attention, and be read with deep interest.—*N. Y. Times.*
Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.
☞ *Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of the price.*

LEARN IN FIFTEEN MINUTES.—Any living person can play piano or organ in time stated. Book by mail, 50c. Send for circular.
P. O. SOPER & Co., 658 Broadway, New York.

Heat your houses **thoroughly** (during such winters as the **past one** was) by using

BOYNTON'S

GAS-TIGHT DURABLE FURNACES.

Thousands have had constant and **severe** use during the past **22 years,** and are in **good condition** to-day, without **repairs** or **expense.** Cheapest to buy and use. Have **more power,** greater **durability,** and are fitted with more **modern improvements** for **saving fuel** and **labor** than any furnace made. Producing **large volume** of pure **warm air** perfectly **free** from **gases.** Immensely **popular** and **universally** successful. Send for Circulars.

RICHARDSON, BOYNTON & CO., Manufacturers, 234 Water St., New York, & 84 Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & CO.

Now open their Fall Importations of Novelties in Plain and Fancy Silk Plushes, Moire Francais and Antiques, Plain and Figured Satins and Silks, Suiting and Cloaking Velvets, together with an extensive variety of All-Wool and Silk and Wool Plain and Fancy Dress Goods, &c., &c.

Broadway, cor. 19th St.

DRESS TRIMMINGS.

We have imported for this season a very elegant assortment of Black Fringes, Passementeries, Buttons, and Ornaments. Rich novelties in Pearl Trimmings, and Colored Bead Passementeries and Fringes.

Colored Fringes made to order to match samples, with Buttons to correspond.

E. A. MORRISON,
893 Broadway, New York.
Wholesale Department, second and third floors.

WESTCOTT & HORT'S GREEK NEW TESTAMENT.

The New Testament in the Original Greek. The Text Revised by BROOKE FOSS WESTCOTT, D.D., Regius Professor of Divinity, Canon of Peterborough; and F. J. A. HORT, D.D., Hulsean Professor of Divinity, late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. American Edition. With an Introduction by PHILIP SCHAFF, D.D., LL.D., President of the American Bible Revision Committee. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $2 00.

This work, formed exclusively on documentary evidence, without reference to any printed text, has been long expected by scholars. *It is probably the most important contribution to Biblical learning in our generation.* The revisers, it is understood, had the advantage of consulting it during the progress of their work.—*Saturday Review*, London.

The revision of the Greek Text by Dr. Westcott and Dr. Hort has claims to this character of continuity and completeness which that of the new Oxford and Cambridge texts hardly pretend to have.—*The Westminster Review*, London.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ *Sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

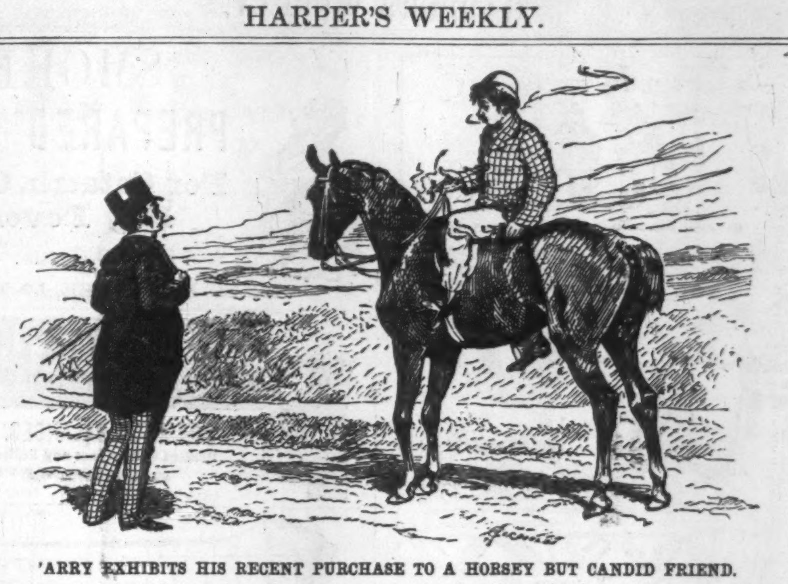
Our late PRESIDENT

Assassinated July 2d, Died Sept. 19th, 1881.

A SPLENDID ENGRAVING. SIZE 19X24.

Taken from a photograph soon after his inauguration, and a perfect portrait of our **MARTYRED PRESIDENT,** with mourning border and appropriate inscription. **FIFTY MILLIONS OF PEOPLE** mourn his death! Ten millions will want this last memento of his noble life and sad death. Price by mail, post-paid, **25 cents; FIVE for $1.00.** A thousand agents wanted. Address **E. G. RIDEOUT & CO., 10 Barclay Street, New York.**

BOOKS, MUSIC, PLAYS, ETC. Prices reduced. Full descriptive catalogue of above sent free of postage to any applicant. Send your name and P. O. address, on Postal Card, mentioning this paper, to DE WITT, PUBLISHER, NO. 33 ROSE STREET, NEW YORK.



'ARRY EXHIBITS HIS RECENT PURCHASE TO A HORSEY BUT CANDID FRIEND.

'ARRY (*with pride*). "There, my boy! what do you think of that? Not dear at forty guineas, eh?"

FRIEND. "Dear at forty shillings! Why, he must ha' been tried for sausages and sent back!"

THE YORKTOWN CAMPAIGN

AND THE

SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS, 1781.

By HENRY P. JOHNSTON.

Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, $2 00.

Full of fine woodcuts, and edited in handsome shape throughout. *** It will refresh the old readings of our childhood after a pleasant fashion, and, being a pretty volume, will remain as a souvenir in the library that has something besides its patriotic merits to recommend it. * * * The portraits of Washington and his Generals, of Tarleton and Rochambeau, are fine pieces of engraving on the wood.—*N. Y. Times.*

It is a work of serious research and permanent value. It is interesting not only because it is the first complete and consecutive narrative of the operations which culminated in the surrender of Cornwallis; but because it is full, clear, and even vivid in the light thrown upon it by freshly gathered and carefully sifted material at the very points where heretofore the accounts have been disappointingly meagre. * * * The details of the siege and surrender are given with a completeness and accuracy never before attempted, an entire chapter being devoted to each. The story may well be left to tell itself to the reader, but it ought to be noted that in connection with it will be found the complete organization of Washington's army, with all the field officers and every battalion properly brigaded. As no such roster exists, it must have been gleaned with great labor from old orderly books and like sources. * * * The record is really one of universal interest, but it is much more. The organization of the Continental army has never been thoroughly understood, and the knowledge imparted is of great value in helping us to understand and appreciate the movements in this and other Revolutionary campaigns from a military point of view. * * * The maps are new, some of them strikingly good, and all are really illustrative of the text, while among the engravings are some of portraits of genuine value. The appendix itself, with its rare collection of letters, journals, reports, etc.—many of them never before published—would suffice to enrich any ordinary historical monograph, and it forms a fitting conclusion to the book.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

☞ *Sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

NEW ENGLAND Mutual Life Insurance Company.

Endowment Policies maturing prior to January 1, 1884, will be discounted at a moderate rate of interest upon a proper legal discharge being given, by applying at the Office of the Company in Boston, or at any of its General Agencies.

BENJ. F. STEVENS, President.
JOSEPH M. GIBBENS, Secretary.

HOPE FOR THE DEAF

Dr. Peck's Artificial Ear Drums

PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING and perform the work of the **Natural Drum.** Always in position, **but invisible to others.** All Conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. **We refer to those using them.** Send for descriptive circular with testimonials. Address, **H. P. K. PECK & CO., 853 Broadway, New York.**

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, One Year............$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY, One Year............... 4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR, One Year................. 4 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, One Year...... 1 50

HARPER'S FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY: a weekly publication, containing works of Travel, Biography, History, and Fiction, at prices ranging from 10 to 25 cents per number. Full list of *Harper's Franklin Square Library* will be furnished gratuitously on application to HARPER & BROTHERS.

☞ HARPER'S CATALOGUE, comprising the titles of between three and four thousand volumes, will be sent by mail on receipt of Nine Cents.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. FINEST AND CHEAPEST MEAT FLAVORING STOCK FOR SOUPS, MADE DISHES, AND SAUCES.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. An invaluable and palatable tonic in all cases of weak digestion and debility. "Is a success and a boon for which nations should feel grateful."—See "Medical Press," "Lancet," "British Medical Journal," &c.

CAUTION.—Genuine only with the fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across the Label.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. To be had of all Storekeepers, Grocers, and Chemists. Sole Agents for the United States (wholesale only), C. DAVID & CO., 43 Mark Lane, London, England.

Sold wholesale in New York by PARK & TILFORD, SMITH & VANDERBEEK, ACKER, MERRALL, & CONDIT, McKESSON & ROBBINS, H. K. & F. B. THURBER & CO., W. H. SCHIEFFELIN & CO.

5000 AGENTS WANTED for LIFE OF

GARFIELD

It contains the full history of his noble and eventful life and dastardly assassination. Millions of people are waiting for this book. The best chance of your life to make money. Beware of "catchpenny" imitations. This is the only authentic and fully illustrated life of our martyred President. Send for circulars and extra terms to Agents.

Address NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

GUNS

Lowest prices ever known on **Breech-Loaders, Rifles, & Revolvers.**

OUR $15 SHOT-GUN at greatly reduced price. Send stamp for our New Illus. Catalogue, 1881-82.

P. POWELL & SON, 238 Main Street, CINCINNATI, O.

AGENTS WANTED

For **"Southern Palestine and Jerusalem."** By WILLIAM M. THOMSON, D.D., Forty-five Years a Missionary in Syria and Palestine. 140 Illustrations from Photographs.

Apply to or address

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers, N. Y.

Book-Keeping

In a few Hours. A simple, practical treatise on double-entry, by means of which any one can become proficient without any previous knowledge.

Price, 50 Cents. **H. I. LOBE, Balto., Md.**

HARPER & BROTHERS' LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

I.

THE YORKTOWN CAMPAIGN and the Surrender of Cornwallis, 1781. By HENRY P. JOHNSTON. Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, $2 00.

II.

CAMP LIFE IN THE WOODS; and the Tricks of Trapping and Trap Making. Containing Comprehensive Hints on Camp Shelter, Log Huts, Bark Shanties, Woodland Beds and Bedding, Boat and Canoe Building, and Valuable Suggestions on Trappers' Food, &c. With Extended Chapters on the Trapper's Art, containing all the "Tricks" and Valuable Bait Recipes of the Profession; Full Directions for the Use of the Steel Trap, and for the Construction of Traps of all Kinds; Detailed Instructions for the Capture of all Fur-Bearing Animals; Valuable Recipes for the Curing and Tanning of Fur Skins, &c. By W. HAMILTON GIBSON, Author of "Pastoral Days." Illustrated by the Author. 12mo, Cloth, $1 00.

III.

INITIA GRÆCA. Part I. A First Greek Course. Comprehending Grammar, Delectus, and Exercise Book, with Vocabularies. On the Plan of the "Principia Latina." By WILLIAM SMITH, D.C.L., LL.D. 12mo, Cloth, 60 cents.

IV.

WESTCOTT & HORT'S GREEK NEW TESTAMENT. The New Testament in the Original Greek. The Text Revised by BROOKE FOSS WESTCOTT, D.D., Regius Professor of Divinity, Canon of Peterborough; and F. J. A. HORT, D.D., Hulsean Professor of Divinity, late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. American Edition. With an Introduction by PHILIP SCHAFF, D.D., LL.D., President of the American Bible Revision Committee. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $2 00.

V.

THE REVISED VERSION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. Harper's American Editions: Pica, 8vo, Cloth, Red Edges, $2 00; Brevier, 16mo, Cloth, 45 cents; Full Leather, Gilt Edges, 90 cents; Brevier, 12mo, Cloth, Red Edges, 60 cents; Brevier, 4to, Paper, 20 cents.

VI.

THE FRANKLIN SQUARE SONG COLLECTION. Containing Two Hundred Favorite Songs and Hymns for Schools and Homes, Nursery and Fireside. With Music. Everything Complete on its own Page. Selected by J. P. McCASKEY. Royal 8vo, Paper, same Size and Form as *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, 40 cents. Also, an edition on finer paper, in Embossed Cloth, $1 00.

VII.

LETTERS OF MADAME DE RÉMUSAT to her Husband and Son, from 1804 to 1813. From the French by Mrs. CASHEL HOEY and Mr. JOHN LILLIE. 4to, Paper, 20 cents.

VIII.

LANDOR. By SIDNEY COLVIN. 12mo, Cloth, 75 cents. The Latest Volume issued in the "English Men of Letters."

IX.

TO-DAY IN AMERICA. Studies for the Old World and the New. By JOSEPH HATTON. 4to, Paper, 20 cents.

X.

THOMAS CARLYLE. By MONCURE D. CONWAY. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, $1 00.

XI.

FARM FESTIVALS. By WILL CARLETON, Author of "Farm Ballads," "Farm Legends," and "Centennial Rhymes." With numerous characteristic Illustrations. Uniform with "Farm Ballads" and "Farm Legends." 8vo, Illuminated Cloth, $2 00; Gilt Edges, $2 50.

XII.

BEAUTY IN DRESS. By Miss OAKEY. 16mo, Cloth, $1 00.

XIII.

HARPER'S CYCLOPÆDIA OF BRITISH AND AMERICAN POETRY. Edited by EPES SARGENT. Royal 8vo, Illuminated Cloth, Colored Edges, $4 50.

THE NEW NOVELS

PUBLISHED BY

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

Sceptre and Ring. By B. H. BUXTON. 20 cents.

The Cameronians. By JAMES GRANT. 20 cents.

The Private Secretary. 20 cents.

With Costs. By Mrs. NEWMAN. 15 cents.

Toby Tyler; or, Ten Weeks with a Circus. By JAMES OTIS. Illustrated. Square 16mo, Illuminated Cloth, $1 00.

Warlock o' Glenwarlock. By GEORGE MACDONALD. 20 cents.

That Beautiful Wretch: a Brighton Story. By WILLIAM BLACK. With many Illustrations. 20 cents; Library Edition, 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

Reseda. By Mrs. RANDOLPH. 20 cents.

The Black Speck. By F. W. ROBINSON. 10 cents.

Sydney. By GEORGIANA M. CRAIK. 15 cents.

The Neptune Vase. By VIRGINIA W. JOHNSON. 20 cts.

Ayala's Angel. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. 20 cents.

The Story of Helen Troy. By the Author of "Golden-Rod, an Idyl of Mount Desert." 16mo, Cloth, $1 00.

! ! ! By GEORGE H. HEPWORTH. $1 00.

An Ocean Free-Lance. By W. CLARK RUSSELL. 20 cts.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS *will send any of the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

☞ HARPER'S CATALOGUE *mailed free on receipt of Nine Cents in stamps.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

WANTED AGENTS for the authentic and complete Life of JAMES A. GARFIELD, from childhood to burial, by Col. R. H. Conwell, with Introduction by His Excellency John D. Long, Gov. of Mass. The work is first-class, and finely illustrated. Everybody will want *this* book. Address B. B. RUSSELL, Boston, Mass.

THE BIGGEST THING OUT Illustrated Book Sent Free. (new) E. NASON & CO., 111 Nassau St., New York

$777 A Year and expenses to agents. Outfit free. Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Me.